

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 15 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

HELD ON SUSPICION

A Maclean's Editor in the U.S.
is arrested as a suspected Red

The Woman Behind Mary Pickford

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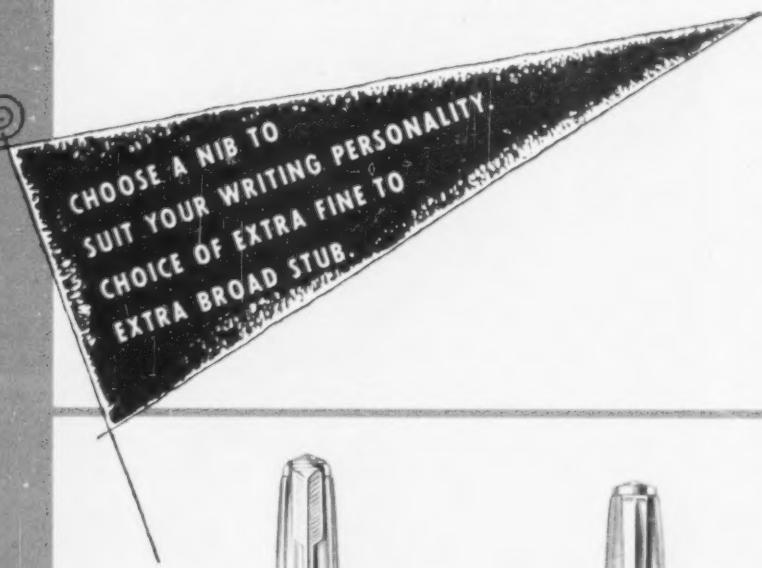
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EDITORIAL

Another Job For Eisenhower?

WHEN THE three hundred delegates, advisers, assistants and observers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization meet in Ottawa next week, they'll have at least one question on their minds which can't possibly go on the agenda: How long can we hope to keep General Eisenhower as commander of NATO forces in Europe? Will he be resigning at the end of the year to run for President of the United States?

Hon. L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, gave some indication of Europe's preferences in the matter at his first press conference after a trip overseas. It would be regrettable, he thought, to have General Eisenhower depart "for any reason," because the general is doing such a superb job where he is.

During the war, in a private conversation, an American reporter once said to Eisenhower: "What makes you a great general?"

"I'm not a great general," the Supreme Commander replied. "I really have only one important qualification for this job. For some reason, when I come into a room or sit down at a table, other people start to get along with each other."

That's a modest way of describing the genius for harmony, the indomitable will to friendship and co-operation, which is Eisenhower's great and unique quality. Though he never had any formal training in diplomacy, though he speaks no language but his own, though he spent most of his life in a military environment not noted for the development of human understanding, Eisenhower emerged during World War II as the one man in whom all the allies had equal confidence, the one man able to bring out the best in everybody around him.

He has been applying that genius in Paris during the past year. But for him, NATO's military collaboration could not be as far advanced as it is. He has managed again to weave a group of disparate elements into a smooth strong fabric. Small wonder that the nations concerned, the nations which have benefited by Eisenhower's talent and devotion, should be afraid to see him go to any other post for any reason at all.

It seems to us, though, that this cloud has a bright silver lining. Eisenhower's special qualities have been remarkably useful in Paris, but they might be even more useful in Washington—not only to the United States, either, but to the whole Western alliance. Surely it's a crying need of the whole Western alliance to have someone at the head of affairs in Washington, the capital of the free world, who commands the confidence of all factions in all free countries.

Ever since 1946 the United States itself has been a sadly riven land. President Truman and his brilliant Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, have carried out a foreign policy which may well go down in history as the decisive victory in the war against Communism. Its successes have greatly outweighed its failures. But, unfortunately, both the men and the policy have aroused such bitter hostility among their own people as to make the future course of the administration uncertain, and to weaken it in both strength and will at a moment of crisis.

President Truman's chief Republican opponent, Senator Robert Taft, is also a man of distinguished record but also, unhappily, a dividing rather than a unifying force. Allie nations are suspicious of him because of his past isolationism and his present adherence to General MacArthur. American labor is suspicious of him because he was co-author of a labor law which union leaders detest. American Democrats and even some Republicans are suspicious of him as the choice of the Old Guard.

Eisenhower could heal all these breaches almost at once. Eisenhower could summon the wholehearted faith of allies and fellow citizens. If he gets an opportunity to do that, to apply his peculiar personal genius at the highest level, we can afford to lose him from the important post he now fills.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1951



A Vice-President Comes to Dinner

His favorite dinner is always hot in the oven when Jim visits home. Not because he occupies a high place in the business world but because he occupies a high place, too, in the hearts of his parents . . . a son whose success is their success . . . whose steady character rewards them for all the care and training they gave him in his youth.

There are many, many Jims in Canada . . . men of every rank and calling . . . each owing much of his progress to a good home . . . and to the guidance given by his mother as the "heart of that home."

That is why the Canadian woman can be so proud of her importance to family and national life. For the good example . . . the wholesome training she provides at home . . . moulds not only the good character of her children but, through them, the good character of Canada.

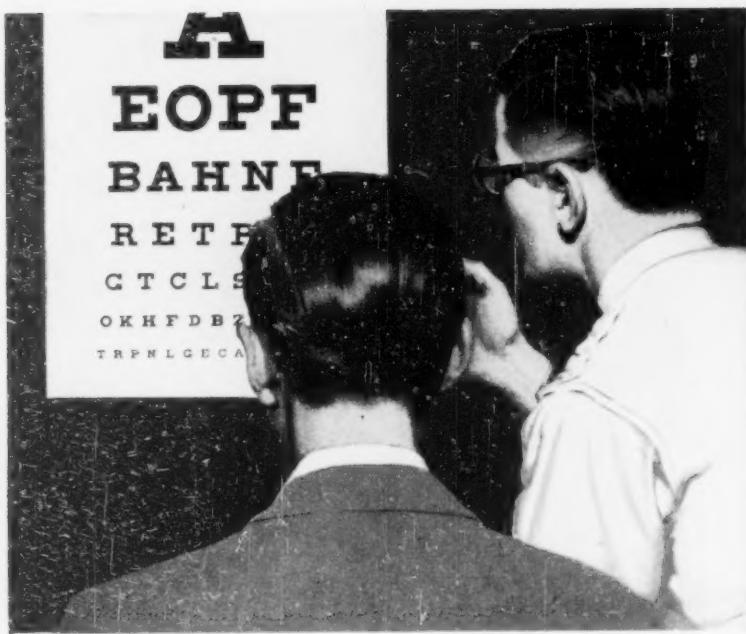
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Do your eyes need help?

ACCORDING to recent estimates, one out of every five children of school age has faulty vision. Among adults over 40, two out of every three have visual defects.

To help maintain good vision throughout life and protect general health, doctors recommend that everyone follow the safeguards below.

The child's eyes...

Faulty visual habits are often formed during childhood which may lead to defects in later years when correction may be more difficult.

A child's eyes should be examined at age three or four, again before entering school and after starting to read—even though no signs of eye trouble are evident.

There are many common diseases that affect the eyes of children. Most of them are mild—but some may be serious. Both may start in the same way—with redness, flow of tears, blinking, squinting, or scowling, accompanied by little or no pain. So, if these or other signs of eye trouble appear, it is wise to see a doctor.

Specialists caution against delay in the use of glasses if a child needs them. Glasses generally help the child to improve his vision, or overcome other eye defects—often within a relatively short time.

The adult's eyes...

After age 40, periodic examinations of the eyes are especially important. They provide a double safeguard. First, by discovering defects and diseases of

the eye itself. Second, by helping to detect conditions such as high blood pressure, diabetes, and hardening of the arteries which often reveal themselves by changes in the eyes.

Fortunately, more can be done today than ever before to check or cure some of the more serious eye conditions—thanks to new drugs and improved surgical techniques.

Three common eye defects—nearsightedness, farsightedness, and astigmatism—can usually be corrected by properly fitted glasses. Only an eye specialist is qualified to prescribe glasses or other special eye treatments.

Under proper medical care, most of the threats to good vision can be corrected or cured so that the eyes may be used efficiently throughout life.

To help keep the eyes in good condition:

1. Read with a clear, good light falling from above and behind you.
2. Rest your eyes at frequent intervals when reading or doing close work.
3. Except for easily removable particles, trust only to expert help for removing a foreign body from the eye.
4. Be alert to the warnings of eye trouble—headaches, blurred vision, eye fatigue, inflammation of the eyes or lids, spots before the eyes and colored halos around lights.
5. Use eye safety devices exactly according to instructions.
6. Have your eyes examined regularly by an eye specialist.



LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Anthony Eden with Rita Hayworth at a movie premiere at London's Gaumont Theatre.

HAVE EDEN AND CHURCHILL SPLIT?

ABOUT six months ago I predicted that nothing could prevent a heavy socialist defeat when the next British election took place. There were a number of letters from Canada which implied I was imagining a vain thing and suggested that prejudice had been allowed to influence my judgment. With that humility which governs all my actions I accepted the reproofs without retort.

However, I have decided that even a prophet should be allowed to trim the lamp with which he illuminates the dark spaces of the mind. I do not go back on my belief that the Conservatives will win the next election but it is necessary to admit that things have gone better for the socialists than anyone could foresee. The corollary is, of course, that things have not gone well for the Conservatives.

Oddly enough the resignation of Aneurin Bevan and his two ministerial colleagues, Wilson and Freeman, has strengthened instead of weakening the Government's situation, although that is not what Mr. Bevan intended. He thought, like Louis XV, "après moi le déluge!" That a government could survive his resignation seemed incredible.

But Bevan forgot the fierce loyalty which exists in the Labor movement. The trade unions may not like everything that Mr. Attlee's administration does but they speak of "our government" in the possessive sense and they mean it. Nor does their support end with this combination of loyalty and sentimentalism. They supply most of the funds for the socialist party.

This money is raised in what the Tories regard as a wrong method. There is a political levy on every

trade unionist to pay so much a week toward the political funds. The amount is very small for the individual but in total becomes very large. The individual trade unionist need not pay the levy but he can only be excused from doing so by "contracting out." This has always been a matter of bitter controversy. After the 1926 general strike, when the National Government brought in the famous Trades Dispute Act, it was ruled that a trade unionist could "contract in" to pay the political levy but did not have to contract out. This resulted in the political fund sinking to a very low level.

But when the socialists swept to power in 1945 they repealed the Trades Dispute Act so that once more the individual had to pay the levy automatically unless indicating his intention otherwise. I have always considered this to be indefensible. That a conservative or liberal worker should have to pay toward the socialist campaign fund on risk of persecution or discrimination by disclosing his politics seems the very negation of individual rights.

However, there is no question but that the trade-union movement is traditionally loyal to the socialist party and is ready to work and pay for it when the election comes. And that feeling has been intensified by the resignation of Bevan. The cry of "close the ranks" is always a powerful one.

This does not end the benign influence which Bevan's action has had upon the trade-union movement. There are certain unions which are far to the Left of Mr. Attlee and now that Bevan is no longer a minister he can give full expression to their yearnings for virtual confiscation of all means. *Continued on page 32*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Warm For October On Liberal Benches

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

ONE SULTRY afternoon this summer an interdepartmental committee was discussing the twin problems of housing and inflation.

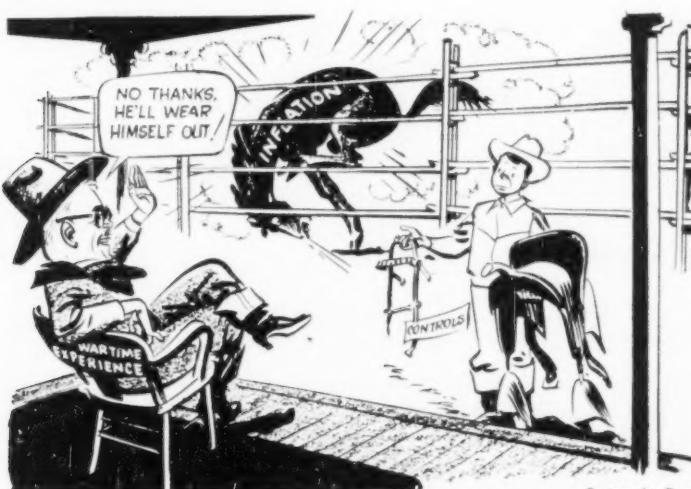
Financial wizards argued to disgruntled housing officials that it's no use giving easier credit to home builders. There isn't enough material to go round, they said; give builders easier credit and they'd merely bid up the cost of building materials and add to the inflation.

Rubbish, said the housing men; why don't you find more material? Let the Government call a halt to some of its own building projects, and allocate that steel and lumber and cement to dwellings.

They began to run over the Government jobs in progress right here in Ottawa. Why, for example, did we need a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand - dollar extension to the Royal Canadian Mint? With a slight blush one of the financial men explained. We need it because the mint has to turn out a lot more coins than before. And why do we need so many more coins? Because of the inflation!

LIBERAL politicians won't find that story very funny. When parliament opens next month they expect to find themselves on a hotter spot than they have known since war ended. Whatever the final result may be, the record at the moment looks like a pretty serious failure for the Liberal Government.

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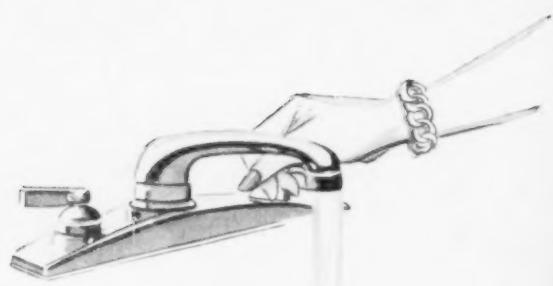
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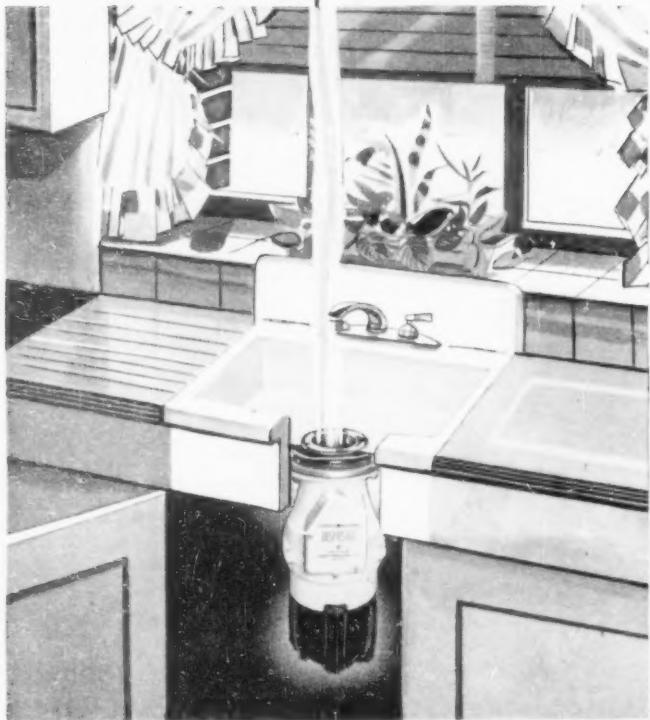
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THE LAST OF THE MULTIMILLIONAIRES

By IAN SCANDERS



At seventy-six he's one of the richest men in North America; some call him a genius.

Sir James Dunn, who controls a steel empire, a big lake shipping line and the destiny of Sault Ste. Marie, is also famous for the lavish life he leads in two Canadian mansions, a Riviera villa and a permanent hotel suite

SIR JAMES HAMET DUNN, Baronet, a spry and dashing septuagenarian of St. Andrews, N.B., is in his own way as rare a bird as the Ipswich sparrow or the Hudsonian Godwit. Time has dealt harshly with the legendary and once-hardy species to which he belongs—the freewheeling multimillionaire who stakes out his personal financial empire, runs it pretty much to suit himself and spends a handsome portion of his money living the way a multimillionaire is supposed to live. But so long as Sir James personally rules his industrial domain of iron, steel, coal, chemicals and steamships, his two mansions, his villa on the Riviera, his seventeen-hundred-acre sporting lodge and his permanent hotel suite, and has his choice of four company planes, the species will not be extinct.

Sir James' fortune has been estimated as high as a hundred million dollars and he has never been afraid to indulge his fancies. He has on impulse saved the lives of total strangers and there is the legend that he once bought a nine-story hotel so he could fire a chef who displeased him. He holds the destiny of a medium-sized Canadian city in his palm. More important to a man of his highly individual bent, he has been in control of his own destiny for most of his seventy-six years and has thrived on it. His cheeks are still ruddy, his features still strong and sharp and his personality as vigorously unpredictable as ever. He expects to live to be a hundred and has a 20-year program of development mapped out for his steel empire.

He works hard and is constantly on the move, usually in one of his aircraft, which like many another industrialist he maintains because he believes they save time and consequently money.

No Canadian lives more lavishly. Dunn is a gourmet who will have delicacies flown to him from Montreal when they aren't stocked by the grocers of St. Andrews, N.B. If he feels like seeing a horse race in Europe—as he did in June when the Grand Prix was being run in France—he flies to New York and crosses the ocean first class on the best steamer available.

He has one of the best private libraries in the world, an air-conditioned private theatre and an art collection that includes works by Fra Filippo Lippi, the fifteenth-century Italian master, and Sir William Orpen.

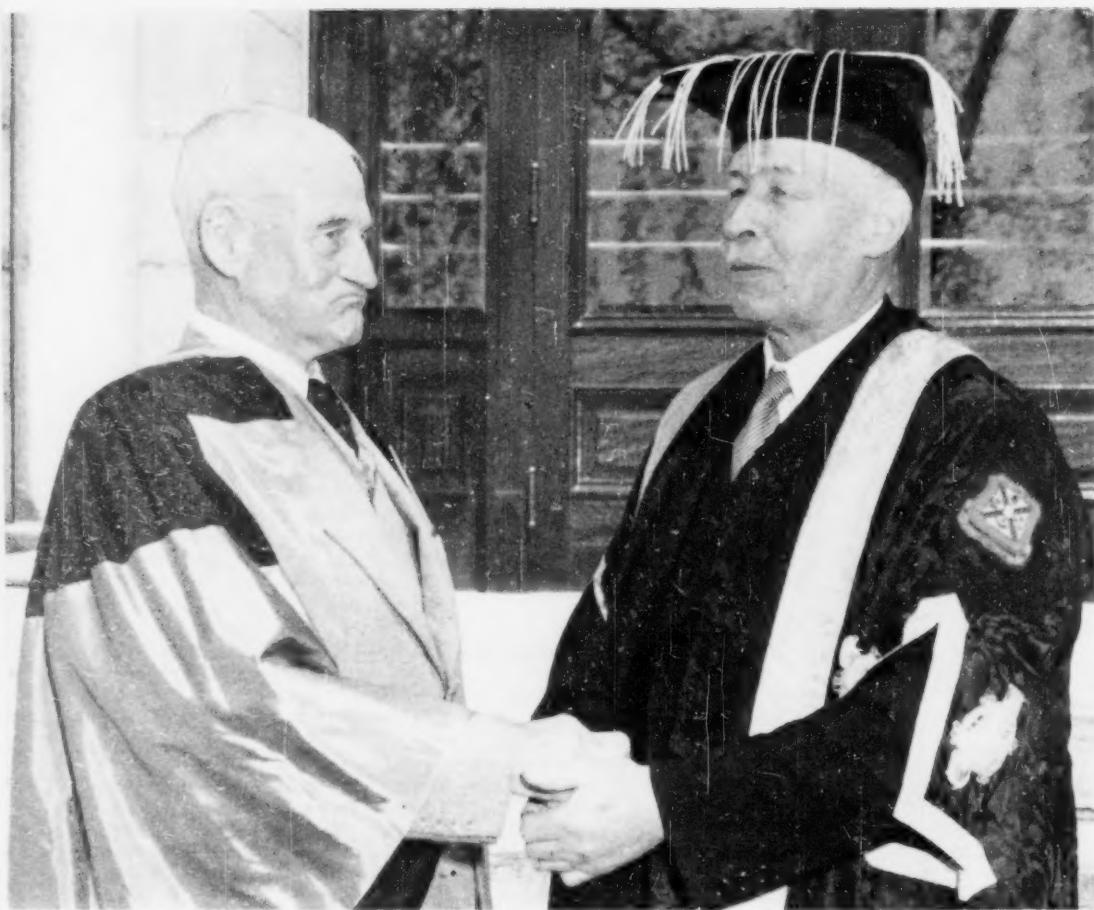
He has his own brand of whisky, blended for him in Scotland, with his name on the label of each bottle. He has his own brand of king-sized cigars, imported from Cuba at a cost of more than a dollar apiece. His wine cellar is stocked with rare and expensive vintages. His automobiles range from a Morris Minor to a Rolls Royce.

His romances (he is thrice married, twice divorced), his explosive temper and his general flamboyance sometimes tend to obscure Dunn's real accomplishments. You are more likely to hear that he has a barber flown all the way from Montreal to New Brunswick to cut his hair than that his Algoma Steel Corporation is embarking on a seventy-five-million-dollar expansion program. His associates call him a genius. He was once able to sell twenty-five million dollars in securities in forty-eight hours. Otto Kahn, the famous banker, as early as 1925 called him "a greater financier than all of us."

He did not become an industrialist until he had turned sixty, when he became chairman, president and, for all practical purposes, owner of Algoma Steel. Then its plant at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., was engaged mostly in rail production and was financially on the rocks. Dunn has built it up until it produces a third of Canada's steel output.

Half the wage-earners of Sault Ste. Marie (pop. 32,000) are on his payroll and the future of the city depends on his decisions. At the moment this future looks bright: He has obtained control of Canada Steamship Lines, thus assuring him of lake freighters to carry his iron ore.

He belongs near the top of any list of the richest and most



At Queen's University convocation last May Sir James received an honorary degree from Principal R. C. Wallace (right). He has endowed chairs and established scholarships at several universities.

powerful men in North America. Ben Fairless, head of U. S. Steel Corporation, once remarked somewhat enviously that Dunn is the only steel-company president on the continent who enjoys the status of a proprietor and has to answer to nobody but himself.

Dunn's home at St. Andrews, beside Passamaquoddy Bay, an arm of the Bay of Fundy, is just

a sea gull's cry from salt water. It resembles a turreted medieval castle, an architectural style that suits him, for in his more formidable moods he's like a feudal lord.

St. Andrews is a picturesque old fishing community founded by United Empire Loyalists. In the summer it blossoms as an ultrafashionable resort. The inhabitants are accustomed to rubbing

At Sault Ste. Marie a Dunn boat unloads ore for the Dunn steel plant. Half the city works for him.



elbows with millionaires. But they don't quite know what to make of Sir James. He will stop and chat amiably with them in the street and he often sits in the back room of Bob Cockburn's corner drugstore. He doesn't mind wearing clothes so rumpled that strangers have mistaken him for one of his own gardeners. Yet he can be so autocratic that he once refused to let property assessors enter his cream-colored stucco home. They had to prepare a plan of its two towers, thirty rooms, five baths, five fireplaces and two furnaces from information provided by his lawyer.

Sir James' long-distance calls—often trans-Atlantic—keep St. Andrews operators hopping. But no other customer sends each of them fifty dollars for Christmas. His personal phone bill is one of the largest in Canada.

Oriental Rugs on Tiled Floors

Although most St. Andrews folk are a bit frightened of Dunn because of his explosive temper he has qualities they appreciate. In 1950 Marilyn Noel, a college student employed at the Algonquin Hotel in St. Andrews during her vacation, dived into a nearly drained swimming pool and broke her neck. Dunn volunteered his plane to speed her to Montreal's Neurological Institute for treatment. In 1949 Dunn was at Bathurst, N.B., when a young plumber, Temple McArdle, was injured so seriously in an automobile accident that it was doubtful if he would live. Dunn had him flown to Montreal where specialists were able to save him.

When a new hospital was being erected to serve the area of St. Andrews Sir James and Lady Dunn were canvassed for a donation of thirty-four hundred dollars. They gave the sum requested and tossed an extra ten thousand into the pot. Previously Dunn had given forty thousand to a hospital in Bathurst, the town of his birth; and two months ago his wife opened the Lady Dunn hospital at Jamestown, site of an iron-ore development. He contends Jamestown was not named for him.

Dunn's St. Andrews mansion cost two hundred and thirty thousand dollars when it was built in the 1920s by I. E. Smoot, a Washington, D.C., sand-and-gravel magnate. In the past few years Sir James has spent tens of thousands changing it. The pretentious establishment with its heavy lustrous Oriental rugs, ornately patterned tiled floors and massive furniture is staffed with English servants who function with clockwork efficiency. In the built-in movie theatre the picture flashes on the screen the instant Dunn's trousers touch the seat of his chair.

Dunn is pernickety about interior decoration. Once in London he paid Mrs. Somerset Maugham, the author's wife and a distinguished interior decorator, several thousand pounds to do a single room. He didn't like the result and paid her more thousands of pounds to do it over in different motifs.

A Summer Stream of Celebrities

A tall thick cedar hedge marks the three acres of carefully groomed lawns and gardens in which Dunn's St. Andrews home is set. Around this hedge there is an eight-foot wooden fence which so enraged some residents that in the night they covered it with painted inscriptions such as "Dunn done it!" and "Don't fence me in!". The furious baronet summoned the Royal Canadian Mounted Police but the culprits were never caught.

In Toronto Dunn insists on the vice-regal suite at the Royal York, a CPR hotel. But for a short time during the last war he deserted it for the King Edward. This was because Lady Dunn and her dogs were with him and a CPR edict had banned all dogs from the system's hotels. Royal York executives declined to exempt the Dunn pets from the ruling and say that Sir James retired gracefully to the King Edward when the situation had been explained. Later, unaccompanied by dogs, he was welcomed back.

In the summer at St. Andrews the Dunns are the centre of a lively social circle. Their warm-weather neighbors include such well-known people as Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe; Hon. Cairine Wilson,



An eight-foot fence surrounds Sir James' turreted mansion at St. Andrews, N.B. When it was built resentful neighbors painted on it: "Dunn done it."

first woman to be appointed to the Canadian Senate; Lady Davis, widow of Sir Mortimer Davis (tobacco); Hon. D. L. MacLaren, New Brunswick's Lieutenant-Governor; the Howard Pillows (Canadian Bank Note Company); and two daughters of the late Lord Shaughnessy of the CPR, Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy and Hon. Mrs. R. A. D. Redmond. A constant procession of other celebrities drifts in and out, among them Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander, the Governor-General; Lord Beaverbrook; the Toronto financier, E. P. Taylor and Barbara Ann Scott.

Dunn is a physical-culture enthusiast and no matter how late he gets to bed he rises early for a walk before breakfast. When he walks his shoulders are thrown back like a soldier's, his stride is swift, and he swings his arms briskly. Recently he has added brewer's yeast and wheat germ to his diet and has lectured friends on the benefits of yoga deep-breathing exercises. His preoccupation with health is not new. Years ago he was an avid reader of an English publication, *Golden Health*, and experimented with body-building formulas it offered.

At one stage London newspapers reported Dunn would eat no meat and that his meals consisted of potatoes cooked in their jackets, fresh greens, fruit and bread baked with Canadian flour. This phase didn't last. Lord Castlerosse, a Fleet Street gossip columnist, wrote soon after this item that he watched the alleged vegetarian consume a huge plate of roast beef. Castlerosse reported that Dunn paused between mouthfuls to condemn vegetarians and proclaim that potatoes and greens were cow fodder.

Dunn expects to live to be a hundred and the betting at St. Andrews is that he'll succeed. Whether or not diet and gymnastics have been a factor, his energy

is unbelievable. Recently he completed a deal in Detroit at 3 a.m.; seven hours later he was hiking around St. Andrews as fresh as a twenty-year-old.

Two of Dunn's airplanes, a DC-3 and a Beechcraft, are based at the airport at Pennfield Ridge, close to St. Andrews, and two of his pilots, Bill Thompson and John Michie, live at St. Andrews. Dunn's other planes, another DC-3 and a Norseman, and his other pilots, Bill LeSauvage and Carl Houser, are at Sault Ste. Marie and are at the disposal of Algoma Steel officials when the boss

doesn't want them. Dunn enjoys flying and says he can "think better up where the air is clear."

New Brunswick people have dubbed his favorite DC-3 "The Flying Castle." Dunn has the interior laid out like a lounge in an exclusive club, with a thick carpet, deep couches and easy chairs, a writing desk and a table. It has equipment for all-weather flying and Sir James studies meteorological data and offers his pilots advice when storms are encountered.

If he's grounded by bad weather he hires a private railway car from the CPR and invariably asks for the same veteran steward, Percy V. Butler. There's a story that when Butler first waited on Dunn years ago Dunn bellowed at him and Butler bellowed right back. It's said that the fiery baronet was so impressed by the steward's spunk that he has liked him ever since.

There was a time when Sir James had to count his pennies. When he was a year old his shipbuilding father, Robert Dunn, died at Bathurst. Young James had to work for his pocket money as a boy. When he graduated from high school he read law with George Gilbert, of Bathurst, who today is New Brunswick's oldest active attorney.

He was in Chatham, fifty miles away, on an errand for Gilbert when he met Dick Bennett and Max Aitken, two young clerks in the law office of Hon. L. J. Tweedie of Chatham. He struck up a warm friendship with them. Bennett later became prime minister of Canada and Aitken became Lord Beaverbrook, the newspaper publisher. All three were to receive British titles.

When Bennett enrolled at Dalhousie Law School at Halifax Dunn frantically saved every cent so he could follow him there. But at *Continued on page 68*

Lady Dunn, once Sir James' secretary, is his third wife. She's smart in business and is a director of an Algoma subsidiary.



THE MAN THEY WANTED



GUS HALL (alias Arvie Hallbert, John Howell); Communist organizer; height, 5 feet 11; weight, 220 pounds; eyes, blue-grey; hair, light brown; nationality, American; sometimes wears mustache.

THE MAN THEY ARRESTED



JOHN CLARE (traveling with a Canadian passport and other credentials in U. S.); magazine editor; height, 6 feet 3; weight, 210 pounds; hair, brown; nationality, Canadian; always wears a mustache.

HELD ON SUSPICION

A young girl thought this Maclean's editor looked like Gus Hall, most wanted Communist fugitive. So for five hours in Jackson, Miss., he was held under police guard, searched, questioned and fingerprinted, and told his Canadian passport "doesn't mean a thing"

STORY AND PICTURES BY JOHN CLARE
MACLEAN'S MANAGING EDITOR

I'M ALWAYS being mistaken for someone else, no one person but a succession of men whose acquaintances see a close enough resemblance to encourage them to speak to me. As a result, I'm used to being hailed as "Joe" or "Harry" or some other person.

One day in Winnipeg a man walked around my chair in a hotel lobby for at least five minutes, looking at me like a golfer studying a tough putt. Then he came briskly forward and asked if my name wasn't Prentice and hadn't we met at the Good Roads Association meeting in Regina a short time before. This case of mistaken identity was resolved in a pleasant chat, like most of the others in which I'm involved.

I had never suffered any inconvenience from having one of those universal undistinctive faces that looks like a great many other faces, until I went to Jackson, Mississippi, recently on a trip for this magazine and was mistaken for a convicted Communist fugitive. A girl whose picture I had taken to accompany the article I was writing telephoned the city police. The police got in touch with the resident FBI special agent and a call went out on the radio to pick me up. I was arrested some time after eleven in the morning and I was detained under armed guard and questioned by a relay of seven police officers who finally passed the baton to the FBI agent late in the afternoon.

During this time I was confined to a small

stifling room in police headquarters off the Jackson chief of detectives' office. I was searched twice for concealed weapons, my hotel room was turned upside down and my baggage was searched without any show of a warrant. My Canadian passport, together with letters of introduction, was taken from my baggage and retained during the long hot afternoon of questioning. I was told my passport didn't mean a thing in the State of Mississippi.

When the FBI special agent took over he began the questioning all over again and through a ruse got me to agree to being fingerprinted. I was released late in the afternoon as the result of a belated piece of crime detection so ridiculously elementary that young readers of comic detective

books would find it hard to believe, I am sure, that the famed FBI could be so clumsy.

All through that afternoon my interrogators said to me in a slightly aggrieved tone, when I became testy: "Aw, don't get sore. We're trying to help you." I'm not sore. Not any more, anyway. And if I were that would be a peevish, unworthy motive for writing this story. I'm not writing it because I was pushed around—not physically but by the law used as a very blunt instrument in the hands of enforcement officers. I'm writing this because in that afternoon I had a look, a good look, at how a free people, suddenly nervous about threats to their freedom, can and do act.

I don't think the FBI is running a police state or wants to. But I saw some things which looked very much to me like the possible beginnings of such a state.

All through the earlier part of my assignment in the United States I had looked forward to going to Jackson, capital city of Mississippi and an interesting part of the Old South I knew only from books. I suppose there is a little of the southerner in each romantic, the same way there is a little of the Parisian in him. Both the South and Paris have a feminine charm that draws you close as soon as you meet them and gives you the feeling that you're not really a stranger at all. In the South the conquest is swift, half-accomplished before you arrive, and by the time you have driven in from the airport through the soft night, murmurous with the static of insects as a background for the soft slurring speech of the people, you are reduced to emotional consistency of hominy grits by the subtle greeting.

My hotel was the Robert E. Lee, which fitted too. I sat under the lazy swinging paddles of a big fan in my bedroom and looked out over the darkening city toward the river and Vicksburg. The gentle wind came in from the delta, pushing before it a fragrance that could be magnolia. I couldn't be sure. But I was sure that this was The South,

the South of Beauregarde, Manassa and the Johnny Rebs.

I got up early the next morning and went out with my camera to take some pictures to go with an article I was doing. I walked up President past the ante-bellum mansions with their white colonnades. I stopped one woman and asked her how to get to the Old Capital where Henry Clay and Jeff Davis once set up a provisional government for the Confederacy. I strolled around this old building, taking pictures and talking to the few people about. One young man who had just moved from Georgia suggested I go over to the battlefields at Vicksburg by bus. It was only forty miles, he said. I looked at my watch. It was almost eleven. I would walk around until noon, have some lunch and go to Vicksburg and be back in time to catch my bus to Birmingham that night.

"Hey, You!" called the Cop

I crossed over one block from President to North State, and walked slowly up the shaded avenue. Across from the big Mississippi Baptist Hospital I stopped in the shade of a cottonwood to talk to Ernest Harrison, a flower seller of fifty-seven who was sitting on a box beside his stand, which was piled high with gladioli.

Ernest told me how he brought his "daddy" in by mule team to the hospital when North State was just a mud road forty years ago. He told me about his son, who died from cancer after coming through the war in the Pacific unhurt. But his son's wife and two children will get two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month until the children are twenty-one, he said.

When I asked Ernest if I could take a picture of him selling some flowers to a pretty girl the next time one came along, he was willing and anxious to help. He even kept his voice down low like mine, so two girls who were waiting for a bus and who were not pretty wouldn't hear.

"We won't wait for one. I'll get you a pretty girl right now," he said, and went across the street to the Morris Pharmacy. He came back in a few minutes with Evelyn Hawthorne, a dark pretty girl who had become eighteen just the day before, he told me.

I took two pictures, posing Evelyn and Ernest by the flower stand with a bunch of glads between them. Evelyn took a pencil from her hair so she wouldn't look too much like a clerk. When I told her where I came from she laughed and said: "My, you are a no'thener, aren't you?"

When the pictures were taken we chatted for a few minutes, shook hands and I promised to send her a print of the picture. "Nicest little girl you'd ever want to meet," said Ernest as we watched, appreciatively, her slim figure slip through the traffic, which was getting thicker now.

It was about a quarter to twelve when I said good-by to Ernest and started downtown to see about lunch and that bus to the old battlefield of the War Between the States.

I was walking down State, not far from the bus station, when a motorcycle policeman, whose name I later learned to be Firman, pulled up beside me and stopped. "Hey, you!" he said gruffly. I stopped and he dismounted, steering me into a shaded doorway where another policeman, a patrolman, was standing with several colored people who were waiting for a bus.

"You been around here taking pictures?" asked Firman in a voice as thick as corn pone. I looked down at the camera, albatrosslike around my neck, and admitted I was.

"You got permission?" asked Firman.

It was the first time I had ever heard of reporters requiring permission to take pictures.

"You can't just go around taking pictures. You should know that. We've got a report on you and there's a call out to pick you up. Got any identification?"

I showed him a

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Evelyn Hawthorne, a drugstore clerk, posed for this shot with a Jackson flower seller, then told police she recognized Clare, the photographer, as the No. 1 Commie fugitive.



In Jackson John Clare took pictures of old colonnaded mansions like this and monuments of the War Between the States. Then police asked to see his permit to take pictures.



Mother bullied and cajoled until the movie-makers made her golden-haired daughter Mary "America's Sweetheart."

Mary Pickford's AMAZING MOTHER

What does a woman do when she's left a widow with three children? Mrs. Charlotte Smith, of Toronto, took her daughter Gladys, turned her into the world's first movie star, and won her a million dollars a year.

By JAMES DUGAN

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

ONCE UPON a time there was a little working girl from Toronto who made a million dollars a year. Her name was Gladys Smith, but she went by her great-grandmother's name, Mary Pickford. She earned and still has about twenty million dollars, which she got before income taxes reached out for little rich girls. Today, at fifty-eight, she lives in retired seclusion in the Carlyle, an elegant New York Hotel, still venerated a generation after her face disappeared from the motion-picture screen.

Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart," was an ikon of the movies when we were younger and more sentimental. Do you remember the Little Mary pictures—Cinderella, Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, Such a Little Queen, Tess of the Storm Country, Rags, Little Pal, Hearts Adrift, Suds, and Daddy Long-Legs? If you do, you are over thirty. Mary Pickford's acting career ended twenty-two years ago when her mother died.

Mary Pickford's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Smith of Toronto, is the key to the Mary Pickford legend. She was a broad little widow with an Irish brogue

and magnificent maternal ferocity. Charlotte Smith bowed down everyone who stood in Mary Pickford's way to the stars, including such opponents as the famous theatrical producer, David Belasco, the greatest of American film directors, D. W. Griffith, and Hollywood financiers by the dozen. She rose from a poor education and widowed poverty and died with a million and a half dollars. Charlotte Smith was literally the creator of Mary Pickford. She was the most awesome of "movie mothers"—that unsparing matriarchal type which film magnates fear more than a posse of agents.

The complete history of the fabulous Charlotte is locked in the Pickford memories. Today Mary will not talk about herself except in official platitudes, and will not talk about her mother at all. Elderly Torontonians who knew the Smiths of 211 University Avenue, which has disappeared to make way for a new hospital, have vague and contradictory memories of them. One who knew them well is Mrs. J. A. Titherington, of de Savary Crescent, who lived next door. Her father was the Smith landlord. She remembers Charlotte's ability at embroidering large bumpy roses on piano

covers, "sticking right out at you like a real rose."

John Smith, Mary Pickford's father, died in 1897. He was English-born and married Charlotte, an Irish immigrant, about 1891. Their three children in order were Gladys, Lottie nicknamed Chookie—and John, Jr., who had a brief movie career as Jack Pickford. John Smith is something of a mystery. Mary Pickford has said he was a purser on the lake steamer Chicora. Captain Benson A. Bongard, of Toronto, who sailed with him, says he tended bar on the S.S. Corona. Even his death is a riddle. He died either by a shipboard accident or of tuberculosis.

One demonstrable fact does appear, however: Charlotte was left with three babies and no funds. From this the career of Mary Pickford came. When Smith died his widow went to work at everything she could lay hand to. There are memories of Charlotte sewing, taking in roomers, running fruit stands on a steamer and on Toronto's Queen Street, clerking at a candy counter and reporting for the News. These could well be true. Charlotte was a demon business woman and she had three fatherless children.

That she could have done all these jobs is borne out by her next occupation. Charlotte went on the stage. The Valentine Stock Company, playing at Toronto's Princess Theatre, placed an ad in the paper in 1899 for an actress. Such an ad would be incredible today, but in Victorian Toronto young women of good family did not take up acting. The young widow got the job.

Charlotte was not pretty; she had the body of a hard-working, child-bearing woman, a round, rather pugnacious face and thick chestnut hair. Her theatrical assets were bounce, wit and an appealing Irish accent, which served for the portrayal of housemaids and character females in the farce repertory of the Valentine Stock Company. She brought her three babies to the theatre. Mary Pickford's baby-sitters were stagehands.

Soon after Charlotte joined the troupe the company manager had difficulty casting a child part in a romp called Bootle's Baby. Charlotte signaled to the wing, announcing "Gladys will do it," and her golden-haired daughter, age six, vaulted into the director's lap. Gladys performed so successfully that *Continued on page 51*

This Is What Happened to Mrs. Smith's Daughter



As a sweet young thing in films like *Daddy Long-Legs* Mary reigned twenty years as queen of the movies.



In 1927 with husband Doug Fairbanks she wrote her name in cement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.



With the Lindberghs in 1929 she christened the plane in which he launched a transcontinental air service.



In Montreal in 1934 she signed the log of SS Toronto for Capt. B. A. Bongard, who sailed with her father.



With Charlie Chaplin she helped form United Artists Corporation. They were rivals for top pay in movies.



At thirty-four she played a teen romance with Buddy Rogers. Ten years later (above) they were married.



At Pickfair, the palatial home she built with Doug Fairbanks, she entertained British Tommies in 1943.



At a Hollywood party in 1946 she welcomed Douglas Fairbanks Jr. back from five years' naval service.



With husband Buddy Rogers at a recent film premiere in New York, where they now live quietly but richly.

Must Europe Go RED From Hunger?



Parisians line up to vote in the national election last June. Western leaders were shocked when twenty-four percent marked the Communist ticket.

By LIONEL SHAPIRO

Maclean's European Correspondent

PARIS
IN THE intensely complicated pattern of western Europe one riddle stands out above all others: What is the source of Communist strength? What hideous magic is possessed by the discredited conspiracy called Communism that it continues to control more than a quarter of the voting power in France and Italy?

Let there be no mistake about it—the national election in France and the municipal vote in Italy, both held last June, brought sharp disappointment to democratic elements everywhere in the free world. In France the Communist Party polled twenty-four percent of the popular vote, a drop of only five percent in the immense vote it gained in the election of 1946. In Italy the Communists actually increased their popular vote to over thirty percent, a marked improvement over their 1948 showing, and scored striking triumphs in such Catholic strongholds as Sicily and south-central Italy.

These results shocked political leaders all over western Europe. They had had every reason to

expect a crushing defeat for Communism. The 1946 and 1948 elections had been held at a time when the European economy was a shambles and when the Red Army's achievements were still gratefully remembered. But since then western European economy had recovered beyond its pre-war levels, and the Communist conspiracy had been stripped bare.

What better evidence could be presented to free peoples than the Soviet tactics in the United Nations, the spy trials in Canada, the United States and England, the rape of Czechoslovakia, the aggression in Korea, the sickening executions in China? It was natural to assume that the French and Italian peoples—the frugal, religious, individualistic French and Italians—would no longer be enchanted by the childish fulminations of the Communists. It was logical to hope that the actions of the Soviets and their satellites would destroy Communism as political power in western Europe. No modern political ideology had more thoroughly condemned itself.

And yet it didn't happen. Communism not only held its ground but in some cases gained. Politicians stared at the result as at a deep and desolate mystery.

But is it a mystery? As one travels about western Europe studying the people, the mystery dissolves and in its place one finds thousands of minuscule problems, each producing its Communist vote.

Young, Pretty and Pitiful

The face of western Europe's economy has changed in the last five years, but the face of the factory worker in western Europe has not changed. It is still gaunt, still lined, still scarred by the struggle for day-to-day existence. One sees that face everywhere, among men and women, young and old, in factories and small shops and dismal homes.

I saw such a face in a small dimly lit bar in the city of Lille a few weeks ago. It was the face of a young brown-haired girl who was draped

France and Italy know all about the Communist world conspiracy but in recent elections more than ever voted for the Reds. The reason for this paradox, says Shapiro, is that they're sick of a setup that keeps many of them hungry and leads their women to bargain sin for an uncertain kind of security



decoratively on a stool. She was staring wistfully at a bowl of flowers placed on the bar at her elbow.

On my infrequent visits to Lille, the industrial heart of northern France, I had drunk my *apéritifs* in this bar near the Hôtel Royal; but never before had it been frequented by a *démoiselle*. This teen-ager was brazenly dressed in the best tradition of drab trade.

As André, the bartender, mixed my drink I indicated the girl and asked him how long it had been the policy to have *démoiselles* handy for the customers.

He smiled apologetically. "Business is so slow in the afternoons," he explained. "We figured if we had a *démoiselle* here the businessmen might find time to visit us a little earlier. A bottle of champagne and a little squeeze of a pretty girl never did anyone any harm. She is pretty, don't you think?"

She was pretty indeed, if one could ignore the heavy cosmetics which hid the freshness of her young face. And there was something attractive

and pitiful in the look of her as she sat at the end of an empty row of stools.

"I think she will do well," André went on, squinting at her in the dim atmosphere. "But we will see. She began work only today. If you would like to buy a bottle of champagne you will be her first client."

I ordered a bottle of champagne. The girl came to sit on the stool beside me and gingerly put her arm inside mine. Her name, she said, was Carole, but it was not her real name, only the name she had adopted for her new profession as a bar girl. When I asked her how old she was she replied, "Eighteen." I suspected she had added a year or two to make herself more interesting.

How did she come to work in this bar? The question, sympathetically put, brought the whole story tumbling eagerly from her lips. Until the previous week she had worked in a factory office in Roubaix, an industrial suburb of Lille. She had quit the job because she couldn't live on the pay.

"It was impossible on twelve thousand francs

(\$36) a month," she explained. "The way prices are going up all the time one cannot eat enough. To buy a dress or a pair of shoes is out of the question. There was never one hundred and fifty francs left for the cinema." She apparently loved the movies. "If I could afford it I would go every day," she said.

With a little luck, she confided, it was possible to earn twenty thousand francs a month at the bar. The mention of this exalted figure made her seem a good deal happier. She might even be able to help out her father and mother who lived in Roubaix with a brood of young children to feed.

We drank our champagne in silence. Then I asked, "Do your father and mother know about this new job of yours?"

"But of course!" she replied brightly. "You see the beautiful flowers on the bar. When I came to work this morning they were already here. They are from my father and mother—to wish me luck. You see how the ribbon says *Bonne Chance*?"

I paid the bill and made for the door. Carole came after me. The last I heard was her child voice asking, "Why are you leaving so soon? Do I not please you?"

Butter's a Dollar a Pound

The living standard in industrial Lille creates an atmosphere in which girls like Carole find it logical to enter into a trade that must inevitably lead to prostitution. The area is grey and drab, the houses are old and unhealthy, and the people who live in them walk sadly over cobblestoned streets. Their lean wistful faces betray the exhaustion of a daily race between prevailing wage scales and the cost of keeping alive.

There is, by law, a minimum wage in France. It is sixty-two francs (twenty cents) an hour. Heavy industries in Lille pay higher than the legal minimum. An expert estimate of the average wage for a plant employee in northern France is twenty-two thousand francs (about \$65) a month.

Let us take the plant with the most enlightened labor relations in the entire area—the Massey-Harris branch factory at Marquette. The Canadian company employs upward of fifteen hundred men and pays on a scale substantially higher than other comparable industries in France. The hourly wage runs to one hundred and thirty-seven francs an hour for a forty-hour week and goes up by thirty-five percent for overtime, which means that the average Massey-Harris worker earns twenty-six thousand francs (about \$78) a month. Officials explain that the wage cost to the company runs fifty-one percent higher than this, due to pension, health and transportation payments required by law, but nevertheless the take-home pay remains at twenty-six thousand francs.

In the same area workers' housing runs about twelve dollars a month for the drabbest accommodation. Almost every other necessity for living is almost as high as in Canada, and a few commodities are higher. The cheapest cuts of meat cost sixty-five cents a pound, butter almost a dollar a pound. It is impossible to buy a serviceable pair of shoes under two thousand francs (\$6) and the plainest kind of utility clothing is equally expensive. The cost of household drugs is substantially higher than in Canada. The tiniest radio set—surely a minor luxury—sells for more than thirty dollars and the average movie admission is about sixty cents.

On the basis of these prices it becomes an almost insuperable problem for a man earning sixty-five dollars a month to support a family of four or five. What does he do when he steps behind the curtain of the voting booth? Does he cast a ballot to continue the existing state of affairs?

In Paris the same deadly struggle for existence takes place behind *Continued on page 61*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'VE EVER KNOWN

*That was Beverly.
Her life touched mine
and I was marked forever.
She was as lovely as a star
— and just as far away*

THREE ROWS AHEAD OF ME AND SEVERAL seats to the right sits a girl. I don't know who she is, but I can't take my eyes off her. She must feel the weight of them hanging to those short taffy-blond curls the breeze is dabbling with. Twice already she's turned around and almost met my stare. But I can't stop looking. She reminds me of someone, irresistibly. The same clear skin, the same turned-up nose, the same perfect lines of the face. The same proud eyes. She reminds me of Beverly Harding.

Beverly Harding was beautiful, the most beautiful girl I have ever known. When I came to Varney University four years ago she was already a campus legend, even though she was away at Smith all year and few undergraduates had ever seen her. The few who had were mostly men taking advanced courses in Latin and Greek. Her father was head of the classics department and his students sometimes met her at his house. Other lucky people had glimpsed her crossing a corner of the quad, but it was the intellectuals who read Sappho and Catullus in the original who had most to say. They said she was a nymph, a goddess, Atalanta of Arcadia, or Diana the huntress come down to earth.

I thought they must be exaggerating, but in the next couple of years I decided they were right. I never saw Diana but she could have been no lovelier. Beverly I saw at the college dances two or three times a year, swirling in the middle of the floor in a cloud of beauty that made her escort, whoever he was, look for the moment like Prince Charming. Whoever he was. I say that because she never seemed to favor any one man more than another. She never attended two proms in a row with the same date. This behavior may have been fickle, but somehow I was glad of it. I didn't want to see a woman like Beverly tied down. It would have been like caging a skylark. And perhaps, too, I had my own dreams of someday building the cage.

Wanting to get through college as rapidly as I could I was taking the accelerated program, and so it happened that I was attending summer school the year Beverly graduated from Smith at twenty-one and came home to work in the Varney library, and offered her services to The King's Men, the college dramatic club, which was always short on female talent.

Although I'd always liked

Continued on page 37



By DOUGLAS CARMICHAEL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR





Ewing and wife Edna. They found a new and happier life.

Everybody was in such a rush
pushing and snarling,
that John Ewing, streetcar
operator, sometimes thought he
was going nuts. Then one
day he saw the way out for
him and snarled right back



Whenever John remembers what life was like in the big town he has to lie down and rest.

I've Quit the City for Keeps

John saws lumber for extensions to Lona Lodge. His retired father (right) and brother Walter are partners in the lakeside resort.



By JOHN EWING

PHOTOS BY ROCKETT—PANDA

THREE YEARS AGO I quit my job as a Toronto streetcar operator, sold my home in west Toronto, and moved my wife, my four kids and my shattered nerves to two hundred and seventy acres of bush, rock and shore line on Lake Manitouabing in Ontario's Parry Sound district. I settled down to building a tourist lodge and to carving myself a brand-new life.

I've only one regret: that I didn't do it fifteen years ago.

I wouldn't live in the city again if someone gave me three yachts, a sixty-thousand-dollar home with butler service, and all the cocktail bars on Yonge Street. I'm healthier than I've been any time in my thirty-nine years. I've completely overcome a nervous condition that had me going to the doctor's. I've put on fifteen pounds. My kids are happier and healthier than they've been in their lives. I've got to know my wife. I've made good friends and good neighbors. I enjoy life. I live cheaper. I don't have to work so hard. I think anyone who lives in the city is a sucker.

You can take it from me. I know. I saw plenty of the city peddling brushes and vacuum cleaners and delivering milk; but when I ended up in one of the Toronto Transportation Commission's one-man streetcars, rigged in a grey uniform and looking at the world through a motorman's mirror, I saw city life as I'd never seen it before. I've seen it affect people the same way that those scientific experiments with mirrors, loud noises and bad smells drive rats nuts in laboratories. I've seen city people going nuts. I've seen the strong mangling the weak; and the milk of human kindness slosh out between the duckboards with the old snow and lost goloshes.

One day I saw one of my male passengers reach up, put his hands

against the backside of a woman who started to sit down beside him, boost her into the aisle, and beckon to his pal to take the empty seat. I saw a big man in workclothes look down at a little guy who was trying to squeeze past him, hit him over the head with his lunch kit, knock him as cold as a mackerel and step over him to get out at his stop. More times than I could count I've watched women whose wind was being cut off by too much squeezing take careful aim with spiked heels, bring them down on nearby insteps, then go into the most sincere apologies while they secretly filled their lungs with air. One six-foot-four steamfitter I got to know told me he'd developed a new technique of shoving his lunch kit into the back of anyone that barred his way. He told me about it as casually as if it were a new way of raising radishes.

Just Like a Trip to the Moon

These people weren't thugs. They were fundamentally decent, civilized, Christian people so frantic to get home after lining up all day for haircuts, meals, drinks of water and flying sections of revolving doors that they were ready to bite anyone who held them up. They used to hit me over the head to get me to take their transfers, punch me on the back, kick my ankles, throw transfers in my face, swear at me, call me a public servant and rap me over my TTC cap with their umbrellas.

One time they wouldn't even let me off my own car. I tried to get out to close an open switch, and the mob waiting to get on pushed me and my switch iron back inside the car. I'd told them the car was full, and watched them keep right on pushing, with dazed eyes, like zombies. They weren't to blame. They were just trying to get home to meet their families. I suppose they realized the car would take them up the wrong street if I didn't close the switch, but they also knew that if they moved to let me out somebody else would muscle them out and they'd miss the car anyway. We were all caught in the same rat race.

I've seen people so dizzy from the pressure of city life they'd try to get on the car from pure nervous reflex when I was going to the barns, onto spurs, or waiting for an ambulance. One time a crusty-looking guy tapped me on the shoulder (the same sore spot they poked all day long), jerked his head toward a slumped figure in a seat, and asked me why I didn't do something about drunks. "That man has been falling and slobbering over me ever since I got on at Coxwell Avenue." I went back and gave the man a shake. I was still shaking him when a nurse got on the car, felt his pulse, and told me he was dead. When I put in a call for an ambulance and started to back the car onto a spur, a plump matron ran along beside me all the way, pounding on the door with her fists. I don't know why she wanted to back up with me. She just saw a streetcar moving away without her on it.

City life has become more and more unimaginative, specialized, removed from incentive, purpose, joy or the slightest idea of what it's all about. I've seen myself getting so far from fundamentals that I'd get ready to leave the barns in Old Columbus, one of the wooden crates that got its nickname from its number, 1492, as serious about the whole thing as if I were starting a flight to the moon. I'd stand there over on track 24 at Keele Street, all alone, the cold winter moon shining in on my pale face, my hand on the control, watching my watch like a scientist waiting for an atomic explosion. At precisely 6.54—zero hour—I'd move the control one notch and roll with Old Columbus out onto the street.

The tragedy was that along with a million or so other people I didn't realize how funny it was. I settled down seriously to the slow process of advancement, knowing that if I kept my buttons shined, if I was never late and if I always had seventy dollars in cash or tickets when the inspector checked me, and if my arteries held out, I'd eventually get a regular run. Eventually I might even become what is known in the trade as an "Old Fox." There's one on every run. The Old Fox's sole ambition in life is to avoid picking up passengers. He does this by cruising along a few seconds late until some rookie, who has orders to wait on a spur and drop in behind the Old Fox, loses his nerve and takes his place ahead of the Old Fox. This is just what the Old Fox wants. From then on the rookie gets all the crowds. The Old Fox stops and picks up the small groups of red-faced cursing people he leaves, and becomes quite a hero. If an inspector checks him for being out of place, he holds his palms up with a look of injured innocence and says: "I'm sorry, sir. I can't do everything." He nods toward the rookie's car ahead. "He was a minute sharp."

Not many men survive long enough to become an Old Fox. I don't think I would have. I don't know what juices shoot through the human body during a sudden scare, but I know I was getting all five flavors, every hour on the hour. One time I was blasting along Bloor Street at about forty miles an hour with about sixteen cars behind me and a gap of a mile in front when an old gentleman stepped out in front of my car, as calmly as if he were admiring the petunias in High Park. I took my foot off the dead man's control—a pedal that has to be kept depressed all the time for the car to move; the idea is that if the operator's poor old heart stops, his foot slips off the pedal, the full emergency *Continued on page 54*



Sixteen-year-old Joan Ewing helps younger sister Dawna on to the lodge dock after a swim with Pop in Lake Manitouwabing.



All the cooking for the resort's thirty-eight guests is done at this wood stove. Dawna carries a coffee pot to the tables.

Bobby Young, of Toronto, a guest, talks with John Ewing as he waits to escort Joan (in party dress) to a local dance.



TOBACCO



This Irish-Canadian transient, fresh from a stint in Texas, reaches Delhi.



Joe Kovacs came from Hungary to farm Ontario's blow-sand tobacco country.



Mike De Vos worked the fields for ten tough years. Now he owns two hotels.



A young Quebec transient slicks up in the street to face the hiring bosses.

J. C. Vernon, of Danville, Va., is one of the many American experts in Delhi.



High up in a drying kiln a husky young laborer works at top speed stacking the newly plucked tobacco leaves.



When the harvest approaches in Canada's tobacco capital transients pour in, lured by high wages. They sleep in the parks and on lawns.



Among the labor influx comes the occasional confidence man. Delhi girls stay indoors at night during harvest and men walk in pairs.

TOWN



Every time you buy a pack of cigarettes a few more cents jingle into Delhi, Canada's fast-growing tobacco capital. Most of it goes into the pockets of immigrant farmers who, not long ago, couldn't afford to smoke

By BOB COLLINS

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



The pickers line up on the main stem to await hiring. In 1949 there was a riot.



Down the rows this Hungarian picker never breaks his stride.

AT FIRST GLANCE down the main street you'd hardly call Delhi, Ont., a storybook town. Winding roads and unpretentious houses sprawl idly over a low plateau ninety miles southwest of Toronto. Citizens clomp along the cement sidewalks in overalls and dusty boots.

But underneath this humdrum surface Delhi has the spirit of adventure and discovery of a community straight out of fiction. Its story is the story of a town that leaped from arid obscurity to buoyant well-being, mainly on the strength of a single crop—tobacco.

Thirty years ago Delhi was a desolate community of seven hundred, withering away on acres of blow-sand. Then it was discovered the sand could grow some of the finest flue-cured tobacco in Canada. Today the town, with a population of twenty-five hundred and a gross assessment of four

million dollars, is the capital of Canada's fifty-million-dollar tobacco industry.

Seventy-five percent of the people are Europeans who fled Communism, Nazism or poverty at home and have found a second chance in Delhi. In return they have given the town an international atmosphere that led one farmer to describe it recently as "a Canadian Casablanca."

In a half-hour stroll you may eat a bowl of goulash at Kelly's Lunch, dance a polka in the Polish Hall with a bevy of pretty girls, gossip in one of eight languages with a farmer in blue jeans, meet a former Hungarian under-secretary of state or watch muscular young Belgian daredevils whirl around the only portable bicycle racetrack in Canada.

This melting pot simmers on tobacco, which is everything in

Continued on page 48

Awaiting a job two transients play cards in the park. In the nearby town of Simcoe the fairground becomes a workers' shelter.



Everybody FALLS For Angie



By STEPHEN MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BUCKHAM

MISTER T. PHILLIPS, owner and manager of the Super Duper Market, dreamed a lot. Most of his dreams had to do with women, in long lines, pushing bright carriages through the maze of shelves in his store, hundreds of arms reaching out and snatching goods from these shelves, and putting them into the carts. He usually saw these heavy-laden carts go to the cashiers, the contents loaded into tremendous bags, and the cash registers singing a merry tune of prosperity. At such times, he would snortle happily in his sleep, and his round face would assume a cherubic smile as he continued his dream.

But tonight was different. Instead of dreaming about long orderly lines of women buying everything they could lay their hands on, he saw utter confusion and bedlam. There were only a few women in the store. They were scrambling here and there, knocking the shelves down, scattering cans of coffee and soup all over the floor. He saw women slipping on these cans, he saw process servers following him, waving their summonses, he saw doctors' bills staring him in the face, and, to make matters worse, the cash registers weren't singing a merry tune, they were chanting a dirge, a funeral dirge. He hurried about, distraught. Then, when he saw a woman with a heavily laden cart bearing down on him, he tried to move out of the way, but couldn't. The car came lumbering on, and hit him full in the face.

He awoke, and mechanically reached out to pick up the cans and packages, mumbling apologies. Then he realized that it was all just a dream.

Trembling, he arose, put on his robe, and went into the bathroom. Opening the medicine chest he played eenie-meenie-mimie-moe with the bottles, then settled for two aspirins and two seltzer powders.

*Joe was the sparkplug of the Super Duper,
till he fell for Angie.
So the boss hired Angie too.
Then even the profits fell*

He went back to the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed, trying to figure out the solution to his troubles.

His troubles could be summed up in one word; in one name, that is—*Joe*; Joe Rivers, his assistant manager. It was Joe who was responsible for the success of the Super Duper Market. It was Joe, who, with his inventions, had made the Super Duper Market the biggest in town. He thought of the time that people were buying the cheapest coffees on the shelves, coffees on which the store made almost no profit.

Joe had solved that problem. He had installed slightly inclined runways in the coffee section, so that when the women stopped pushing their carts and reached out to get the cheap coffee, the carts would roll down the incline and come to a stop directly in front of the more expensive coffees. The harassed women would grab at the expensive coffee and the sale would be made! Coffee sales had jumped seven percent after that brilliant installation! It took talent, no, not talent, but sheer genius to think up such a clever merchandising scheme. True, it didn't work with the basket carriers, but Joe was working on that problem.

But now, Joe was leaving. It seemed that the B & Q Super Market was opening up across the street, and they had asked Joe to be the manager. Joe had come to Mr. Phillips and told him about it.

"You see, Mr. Phillips, it isn't that I'm not satisfied here, but I'd like to get married, and, after all, the manager's job over there is a much higher job than assistant manager here."

"But Joe, I'm paying you more money than you'll ever get over there. Why should you want to change?"

"It isn't the money, Mr. Phillips, it's the prestige. There's a lot of difference between manager and assistant manager."

Nothing Mr. Phillips could say would change Joe's mind. Joe gave his two weeks' notice.

Thus, the nightmare. Thus, sleepless nights for Mr. Phillips. Thus the pills and powders.

HE DIDN'T get much sleep that night. After a hasty breakfast he went off to the store. As usual, Joe had gotten there before him, and had organized the army of stockmen. Everybody was industriously stacking bottles, cans, packages, and boxes on the hundreds of shelves. The sight of this concentrated and well-organized activity pleased Mr. Phillips immensely, but he didn't remain pleased too long. He remembered that Joe was leaving, and soon this efficiency would be no more. It was Joe, with his training as an army sergeant, who was responsible for it. Nobody could handle the stockmen as could Joe. For Joe had a sort of sixth sense as regards inventories. He could be talking to Mr. Phillips, then a strange look of concentration would appear on his face. His ears would wiggle slightly, and he would call out in his sergeant's bellow, "Hank! Four dozen cans of chocolate syrup on shelf 83! On the double!"

Shelf 83 might be on the other side of the store, and sometimes Mr. Phillips would go over to investigate, the inventory showing him that there would be plenty of chocolate syrup there, but he would always find it empty. It

Continued on page 43



A crocodile of men lined up at
Angie's check-out lane where smiles
and wrong change went together.



WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT A BATH

An evening in a bath with a good book can be as hard on the nerves and physique as wrestling a grizzly — depending on the temperature of the water, where it comes from and how you react to it. Only an Eskimo can be sure of not doing the wrong thing: he never takes a bath.

IN CASE YOU'RE thinking of taking a bath, stop and consider the case of the Ottawa store manager who reported recently to his doctor that he felt tired all the time. "And don't tell me," he added, "that I would have more pep if I got more sleep. I sleep eight or nine hours a night and swallow every kind of vitamin pill the druggist sells."

The physician could find nothing wrong physically, so he asked, "By any chance, do you take a lukewarm bath when you get up in the morning? You do? That may be it. A lukewarm bath is a sedative—in fact one of the most effective sedatives known."

His patient abandoned his morning lukewarm bath and immediately felt better. However, his solution may not be yours, for people seem to vary

By JAMES BENDIGO

PHOTO BY BOB HOWARD

widely in their reactions to soap and hot or cold water. Eskimos and Tibetan lamas avoid the problem by not taking baths at all, but if you insist on bathing now and then it might be useful to know what you're letting yourself in for.

For example, if you have trouble sleeping check the temperature of that bath you've been taking just before turning in. If it's above 104 degrees it's a hot bath according to medical standards and, while a hot bath makes some people drowsy, most people are stimulated.

There are sound physical reasons for this. A hot bath suddenly surrounds your body with an environment six degrees above its normal tempera-

ture. Immediately the blood vessels close to the skin dilate to maintain your internal temperature at 98 degrees, so your blood pressure increases and your pulse rate speeds up. With your heart beating faster you feel stimulated, active, alert, so it isn't surprising that sleep comes slowly.

A cold bath (below 92 degrees) has a somewhat similar effect and won't help you much if you're the intense nervous type. When you bounce out of a nice warm bed and inflict a cold bath or shower on your unwilling body the shock is considerable. Your sympathetic nervous system, convinced that danger threatens, calls on the adrenal glands. Adrenalin is injected into your blood stream, your heart pumps more vigorously, and up goes your blood pressure.

Doctors point out

Continued on page 34



"Mommy always says you're safe when you use Johnson & Johnson"



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AS HE PULLS UP at the end of his day's run, it's just his friendly way of saying "hello". But if there is some important development in town, he expects his friend the bank manager will know about it: . . . plans for enlarging the school . . . the chance of a new factory opening up . . .

It's part of the bank man's job to know his community. His customers expect him to know "what's new" in other parts of Canada and elsewhere, too . . . business facts, leads to new markets at home and abroad for farm as well as factory.

You will find your bank manager well posted, and ready to serve you. Chartered banks work that way.

One of a series
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IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE



Collins: Can mechanics write?

BOB COLLINS found Delhi so interesting that long after his article, Tobacco Town, on page 20, was finished and on its way to the printers he would come in with added snippets of information that he had come across. We were able to get the best of this into the story but we still have plenty left—enough to convince us that Delhi is one of those interesting towns you could write a book about.

Collins, who comes from Shamrock, Sask., near Moose Jaw, was a student in journalism at the University of Western Ontario when we first met him. Maclean's sponsored a contest in article writing for the senior class and Bob won it. This article is a direct result of that contest.

He was a mechanic with RCAF Spitfire Wing 126, an assignment which had him in Germany at war's end. "I was such a bad mechanic," he told us, "that I felt I must be able to write."

After reading Lionel Shapiro's guest editorial When The Canucks Hit Europe Again, in the May 15th Maclean's, the Canadian Army brass invited our European correspondent to tell it to the troops themselves. Shapiro took time off from a busy schedule, which included putting the finishing touches to the article on page 13 and packing his bags for a quick return trip to Europe, and gave several lectures to Canadian soldiers who will form part of the brigade which will join General Eisenhower's NATO troops soon.

Douglas Carmichael, who wrote the story about Bonnie

Prince Charlie in the Aug. 1 issue, is back again with another story, The Most Beautiful Girl I Ever Knew, on page 15. Carmichael, who now lives in Dallas, Texas, was born in Greenwich, Conn. His father's family went to New England from Nova Scotia in 1790.

"I have been interested in everything Scottish ever since I knew about my family origin but I have never been to Scotland," he told us when we asked him where he got the idea for the Jacobite story.

"At present I am head of the English department at St. Mark's, a boys' private preparatory school here in Dallas. As a writer I'm not very prolific although I've been writing since I was seven. The adult list includes to date a bad first novel, a ghost story, a fantasy and three short stories," he said.

* * *

IN THE NEXT issue of the magazine we have a special nine-page section devoted to the Royal Tour with outstanding four-color photographs of the Prince and Princess and their family. In addition to stories about the royal couple the special section offers the exclusive intimate story by Yousuf Karsh of how he went to London for Maclean's and took these pictures, which are sure to join the great gallery of classic Karsh portraits.

THE COVER

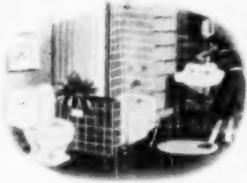


FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE painted this cover of an Indian salmon fisherman at Nootka, which is about two-thirds of the way up the west coast of Vancouver Island. "As you know," said Arbuckle, paying us a gracious compliment, "Nootka was originally held by the Spanish and in later years Captain Cook used to stop in as well as Captain Bligh, who was master of a ship called Bounty."

little Plumbing ideas that pay big dividends

basement or elsewhere, provided by a shower stall. If you wish a shower in the bathroom away from the tub, it can be installed in one of the many attractive enclosures—ranging from a plain white duck circular canvas curtain, through a variety of colourful plastic ones, to elaborate glass-panelled compartments.

Several types of shower heads are available to give you the kind of shower you desire. In addition to the regular line, Crane can also supply special-purpose heads.



What makes a better bathroom? Thoughtful planning, of course, is the first essential. Equally important are quality fixtures. They must be durable and efficient as well as attractive. Both in planning and in selecting it always pays to consult your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor. They can show you how you can use space to best advantage and advise you on the choice of fixtures that best meet your requirements.

In the preferred CRANE line are new and beautiful bathroom fixtures to suit every taste and pocketbook—matched groups, and individual wash basins, bathtubs and toilets.

WASH BASINS—In looking over the complete Crane line of wash basins, for example, you'll note that there's a whole new world of possibilities opened up for planning more efficient bathrooms and powder rooms due to the variety of types available for countertop installation. These Crane fixtures, in gleaming vitreous china, may be installed on pedestal, on chrome legs or wall hung—they can be built-in counter-top style, with tile or alternative modern fabricated materials—or, if desired, on cabinet base.

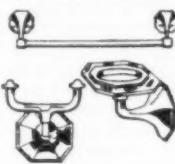
Be sure to see the new classical "Criterion"—which recently received the Fashion Academy award as representing "a great advance in functional plumbing design".

STYLE—Such an award indicates how Crane, while developing many new plumbing fixtures, has also paid consistent attention to styling. Now groups of fixtures may be obtained, with the same basic style characteristics, to produce a most attractive ensemble.

Harmony in styling is enhanced, too, by sparkling "Dial-Ese" trim (faucets, for example, that close with the pressure, operate with finger-tip control)—and by the choice of many attractive colours in which Crane fixtures are now available. You'll want also to give some thought to the selection of such bathroom accessories as grab rails, paper holders, soap holders, robe hooks and towel bars in vitreous china or Lifetime "Gerity" Chrome—to complete the ensemble and "dress up" the bathroom or powder room.

DOWNSTAIRS—A powder room or "Half-Bathroom" (toilet and wash basin) on the main floor is an invaluable addition to the bathroom facilities of any home. It's well worth considering. It's a wonderful convenience for your guests.

SHOWERS—In addition to the modern shower and bathtub which make the ideal combination for bathing, you may wish to have extra facilities in the



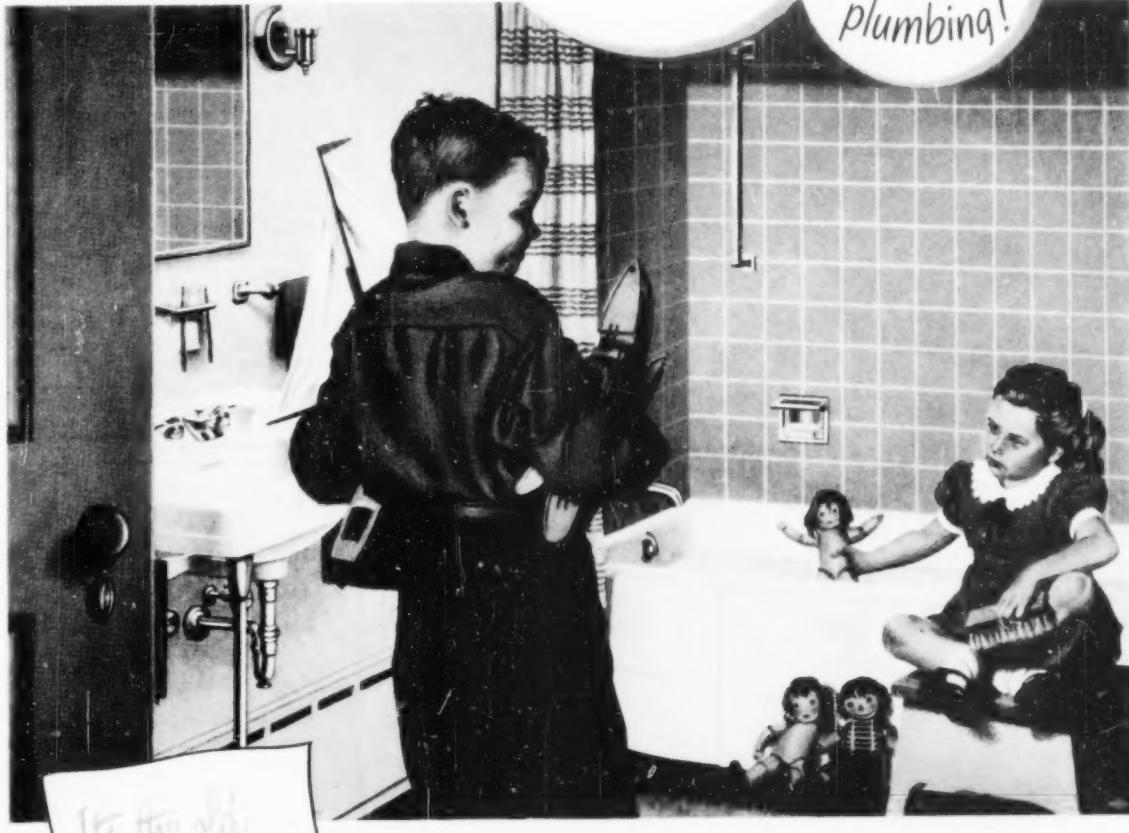
In selecting bathtub and showers you'll want to get a "Deviator" spout, with its ingenious pull-up knob that eliminates all chance of a surprise dousing.

Your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor will be glad to tell you about it. Ask, too, about the advantages of such other items as: the Combination Spout Faucet which supplies water at the desired temperature from one spout; the clever new Crane Thermostatic Valve which controls the temperature of the water supply at the bathtub; Local Stops (shut-off valves) at each fixture, enabling repairs to be made without turning off the complete water system.

TO HELP YOU PLAN—Many informative booklets and folders on home plumbing have been published. One of the most recent and most comprehensive is the 48-page booklet, in full colour, "A guide to Practical Planning of the Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry". It is a valuable source of authoritative information on the various aspects of home plumbing, is full of helpful suggestions to help you plan, presents basic layouts, colour schemes, etc. You can obtain a copy from your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—from any Crane Branch—or by writing to the Crane General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

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the
preferred
plumbing!



THERE have always been arguments about the proper "order of the bath"—but there's no argument whatever about the selection of those gleaming, durable CRANE fixtures that are so easy to clean. Modern Crane bathtubs, toilets and wash basins, with choice of trim, are available in a complete range of styles and materials to meet varying requirements—in a selection of eight attractive colours and white.

Ask your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor about the enduring value of Crane plumbing and heating equipment for your home.

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Before I was married I am afraid I didn't realize the importance of regular saving. I had a vague idea I'd be lucky in real estate or some other investment.

After we were married I woke up to the fact that a man with my responsibilities must keep an eye on the future.

I was making good money but we were spending all I made until I got the Mutual Life policy.

The money I put into it is ours and always will be ours. It'll grow too, steadily and surely. It's the one sure way of saving we have."



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I'm no expert on life insurance. All I know is the face value of our Mutual Life policy is a far bigger amount than what we will ever put into it. And — let's be realistic — can you think of a better cushion for us to fall back on if anything should happen to my husband?"

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MacLean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

APACHE DRUMS: The redskins, instead of being shown as nature's oppressed noblemen, are out-and-out hellions as of yore in this fair-enough western. Slow at first, it's lively at the finish.

THE BROWNING VERSION: Excellent is none too generous a word for this thoughtful and moving British drama about a middle-aged schoolteacher (Michael Redgrave) and his painful efforts at self-appraisal. An item for connoisseurs.

THE FROGMEN: An uncannily eloquent sound-track, a sparseness of dialogue and a total absence of romantic sub-plots are among the many attractions of an outstanding war film, one of Hollywood's best in that category. Its heroes are the U. S. Navy's underwater demolition teams, a laconic and exciting crew to watch in action.

FORT WORTH: That tireless hombre, Randolph Scott, turns up this time as a crusading editor in pioneer Texas. There is quite a bit of him in the avid theatricalism of David Brian, as his evil ex-buddy, but the show adds up to an entertaining western.

JUNGLE HEADHUNTERS: Explorer Lewis Cotlow and his native beaters probably had an engrossing time among the savages in South America, but most of what he perpetuated on film is only slightly more fascinating than the average magic-lantern lecture.

KIND LADY: That wily Shakespearean hand, Maurice Evans, makes his expert Hollywood debut in a slow but absorbing Edwardian melodrama. He appears as an artist bloke who imprisons a grand old lady (Ethel Barrymore) in her London mansion while he blandly disposes of her art treasures. Somewhat implausible in spots, but interesting stuff, and beautifully done.

Ace in the Hole: Satiric drama. Tops.
Air Cadet: Jet drama. Fair.
The Adventurers: Melodrama. Poor.
Along the Great Divide: Western. Poor.
Appointment With Danger: Crime. Good.
As Young as You Feel: Comedy. Fair.
Bedtime for Bonzo: Comedy. Fair.
Born Yesterday: Comedy. Excellent.
Brave Bulls: Matador drama. Fair.
Bullfighter and the Lady: Drama. Fair.
Clouded Yellow: Suspense. Good.
Cry Danger: Crime drama. Fair.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Drama. Fair.
Excuse My Dust: Comedy. Fair.
Father's Little Dividend: Comedy. Good.
Flying Missile: Submarine drama. Fair.
Fourteen Hours: Suspense. Excellent.
Follow the Sun: Golf drama. Good.
Go for Broke! War. Excellent.
Goodbye, My Fancy: Drama. Fair.
The Great Caruso: Musical. Good.
Guy Who Came Back: Football. Poor.
Half Angel: Light whimsy. Poor.
Halls of Montezuma: War. Good.
High Lonesome: Western. Poor.
Hollywood Story: Whodunit. Fair.
House on Telegraph Hill: Drama. Fair.
I Was a Communist for the FBI: Case-history melodrama. Fair.
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.
Kim: Kipling adventure. Good.
King Solomon's Mines: Safari. Tops.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.

KON-TIKI: A movie-camera record of an actual 101-day voyage made across 4,300 miles of perilous Pacific by six dauntless Scandinavians. This is an unusual and compelling documentary, which would have been even better if author-narrator Thor Heyerdahl had only kept quiet now-and-then for a minute or two and let the pictures tell the story.

MY FORBIDDEN PAST: Acronymic muddle involving Ava Gardner and Robert Mitchum in proud, hot-blooded New Orleans. Both the story and the acting are of the sort which many women seem to enjoy at home while vacuuming the rugs.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY: A rather pleasant but draggy musical, brightened by some nice old songs. With Doris Day and Gordon MacRae.

THE PROWLERS: Impressionable children probably should be steered away from this one, but for older customers it's an uncommonly honest and adult drama about a crooked cop (Van Heflin) and a lonely housewife. Evelyn Keyes is the lady. Recommended.

SHOW BOAT: A big, tuneful, tearful Technicolor musical, Hollywood's third filming of the Kern-and-Hammerstein stage show based on the Edna Ferber novel. The old story often seems as maudlin as one of the Cotton Blossom's own Gay Nineties meller-drammers, but the songs are as heartwarming as ever.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN: An Alfred Hitchcock suspense thriller, equally stimulating to the funnybone and the nerves of the spinal column.

WARPATH: Another big-budget western, full of physical turmoil and a few fine shots, but often confused and hackneyed in the telling. There's even a fellow who says, "New here, ain't ya? Waal, we don't like your kind in this town, mister." No kidding.

Lorna Doone: Swashbuckler. Fair.
M: Neurotic murder tale. Fair.
Mad Wednesday: Comedy. Good.
The Magnet: British comedy. Good.
Mating Season: Comedy. Good.
The Mudlark: Comedy-drama. Good.
Nanook of the North: Documentary on Eskimo life (re-edited). Tops.
Of Men and Music: Film concert. Good.
Only the Valiant: Western. Good.
Payment on Demand: Drama. Fair.
Pool of London: Crime drama. Fair.
The Prince Who Was a Thief: Arabian Nights adventure. Fair.
Rawhide: Suspense western. Good.
Royal Wedding: Astaire musical. Good.
Santa Fe: Railroad western. Good.
The Scarf: Melodrama. Poor.
7 Days to Noon: Atom drama. Good.
Sirocco: Bogart drama. Fair.
Soldiers 3: Military comedy. Fair.
Storm Warning: Mob drama. Good.
Symphonie Pastorale: Drama. Excellent.
Take Care of My Little Girl: College drama. Fair.
That's My Boy: Comedy. Fair.
The Thing: Space monster. Good.
13th Letter: Quebec drama. Good.
Up Front: War comedy. Fair.
Valentino: Romantic biography. Poor.
Vengeance Valley: Western. Good.
You're in the Navy Now: Comedy of Errors. Good.



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Although only 18, I had the thrill of seeing my first story in print after only three months of N.I.A. training. It appeared in the Telegraph Journal, the Montreal Standard and was used as the basis of a story by C.B.C. Since then there have been other articles. The cheques received encouraged me and swelled my appreciation for N.I.A. — Eileen Flanigan, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada.

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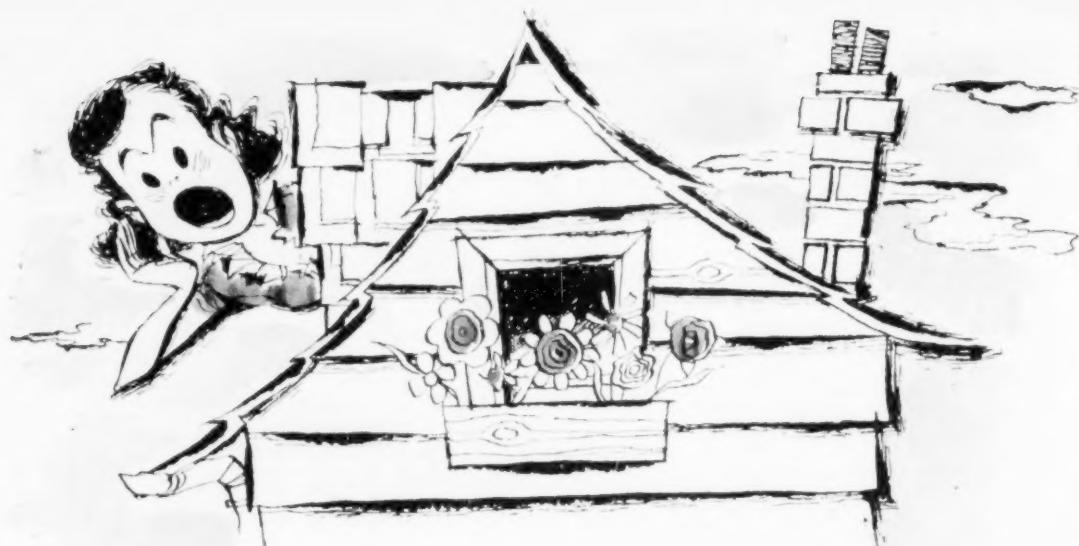
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Where Are You Dear?

In stores and stations and even right at home those whom the Lord hath joined together often just can't find each other

By W. F. MIKSCH

RECENT news item told how Dr. W. Grey Walter, of the Burden Neurological Institute at Stapleton, England, built a pair of mechanical turtles with electronic brains, and now they have fallen in love. (In love with each other, that is not with Dr. Walter.) "They waltz around the house," the doctor was reported as saying, "and when you separate them they roam around trying to find one another again."

Dr. Walter may find this something of a coincidence, but my wife and I react in precisely the same way. Not that we wait around the house much, as waltzing is something I prefer to leave to lesser vertebrates such as turtles. But just separate us so that neither knows where the other got to and you'll see some of the fanciest roaming around this side of the Burden Neurological Institute.

For some strange reason (certainly none that is covered by electronics) my wife and I keep getting torn asunder all the time. We become separated in hotel lobbies and streetcars, on the main street while window shopping, and even within those walls we call home. Moreover, the man-hunts which follow each dismemberment are of such epic quality that I strongly doubt they could be duplicated by Walter's wind-up turtles.

Once at the amusement park my wife chose to wait outside at the ticket gate while I took a ride on the roller coaster. She didn't know there were two sets of cars on the track, so when the first train came

in and I wasn't on it she assumed I had fallen out and went running off to the park office. We were all afternoon finding each other.

I don't think we're alone in this either. Many other married couples we know have this same trouble. For example, our next-door neighbors, Claude and Amy Follweiler, have developed the talent of Losing-Each-Other-At-Home into quite a fine art. The great Houdini at his peak could not have disappeared as neatly as do Claude and Amy. Sometimes I think they must be invisible to each other.

Almost any evening, without having to prick up our ears, we can hear one of their hunts in progress. First we hear Amy shouting down their cellarway, "Hey, dear, are you down there with the furnace?"

Claude's voice answers, "Naw, I'm up here. Where are you?"

"Up where? Where are you anyway?" Amy calls back. There follows a clatter of feet pounding up and down distant steps and somewhere a door slams. Presently Amy is ringing our bell.

"Did Claude come over here?" she asks me.

"Why no, Mrs. Follweiler," I say.

"Well, that's sure funny. There I was, reading to him out of the fur coat clearance ads in the paper and all of a sudden I look over at the wing chair he always sits in, only he wasn't there."

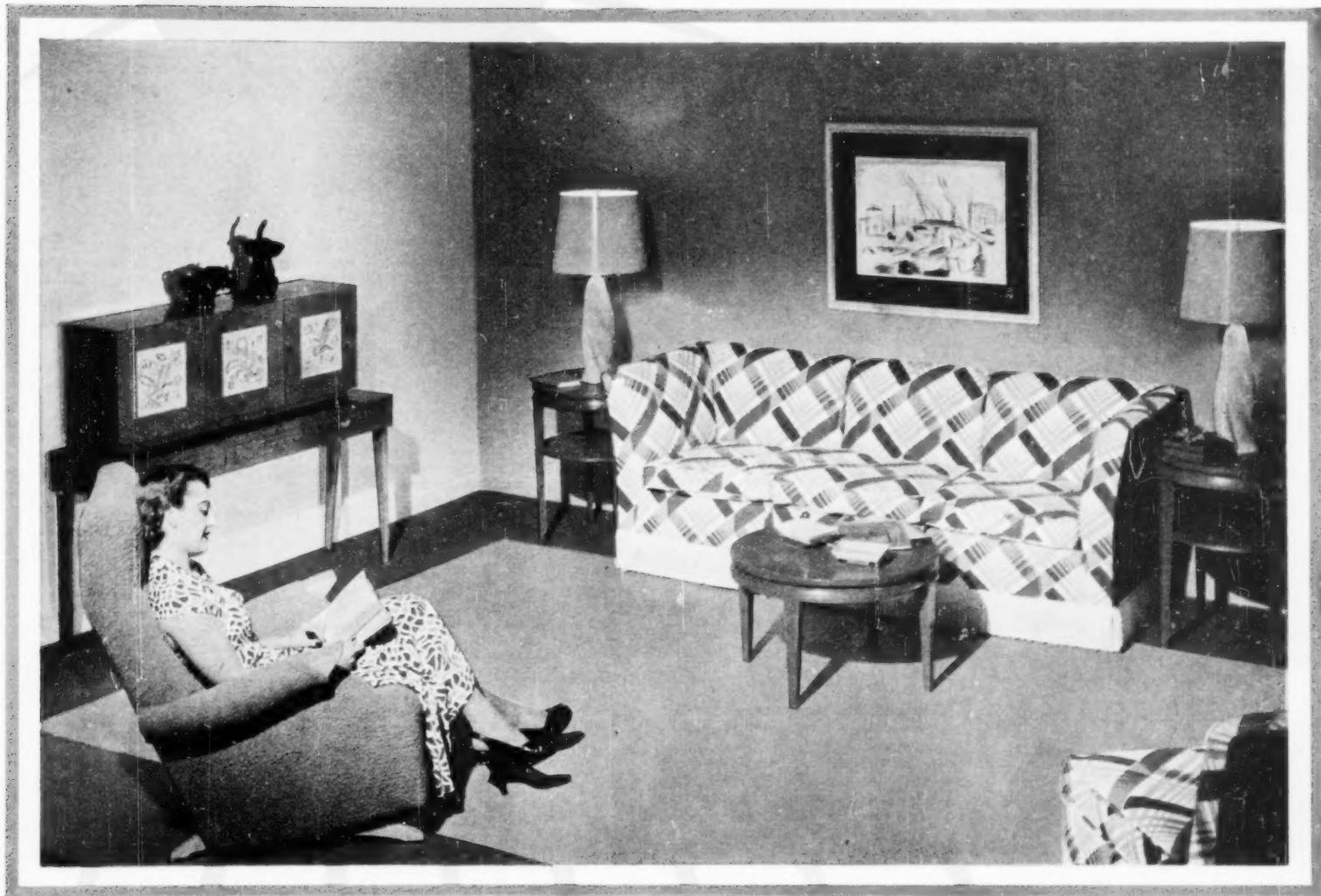
Just as she leaves, my wife answers a knock at our back door. It is Claude.

Continued on page 36

Illustrated by Lyle Glover



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AN INTERIOR decorator's idea, this, for a living room which is both cheery and restful. Yellow for sunshine, green for repose — Nature's own choice . . . Nothing distracting on the floor — just colour — with the colours picked up and harmonized in walls and furnishings . . . Simple, effective . . . and completely practical . . . For linoleum's durability makes it economical . . . its ease of cleaning makes it a boon to the housekeeper and a safeguard to health . . . cushioningly resilient underfoot . . . muffling the sound of steps . . .

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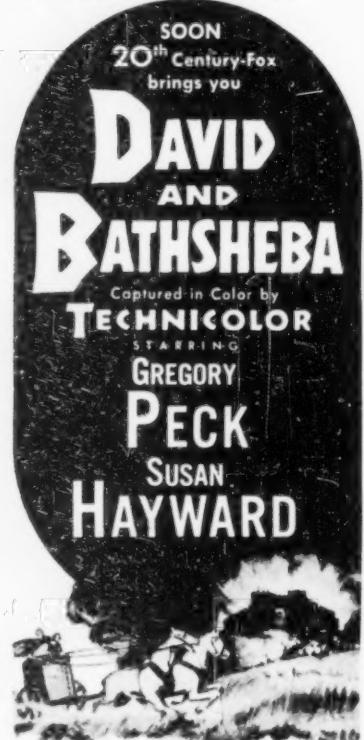
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London Letter

Continued from page 4

of production and distribution. Thus, when the election comes, the Government will be able to make this two-pronged attack upon the voters:

1. If you want a mild sensible government which admits that Socialism and private enterprise can exist side by side then trust Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison and vote Socialist.

2. If you want the rich squeezed until the pips squeak, and the ownership of everything made over to the workers, put your trust in Aneurin Bevan and vote Socialist.

No wonder that shrewd little Cockney strategist, Herbert Morrison, sits back and smiles. On the slightest pretext he will break into that popular ditty:

Oh what a beautiful morning,
Oh what a beautiful day;
I have a wonderful feeling,
Everything's coming our way.

Let me at once say that there was no trickery in the Bevan resignation. Attlee was tired of his blustering and threats and called his bluff. It is just a caprice of politics that the resignation of three ministers should have strengthened the socialist appeal instead of bringing down the Government.

But Morrison and Attlee believe their best trump card is not Bevan but Winston Churchill. That must seem paradoxical to you who view the British scene from across the waste of waters, but truth is truth whether you examine it through a microscope or a telescope.

There is little gratitude in politics and, in fairness to the socialists, it must be recognized that Churchill deliberately chose to revert to party politics after his wartime leadership of an all-party coalition. Therefore he would be the last to complain when his opponents hit hard. He himself punches with all his weight and tries to "hit them where it hurts."

Would Winnie Go To War?

The constant charge which the socialists make against him is that of being a warmonger, and that in his mind he sees himself as the reincarnation of his ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough, who led his troops to victory after victory across the battlefields of Europe. They point out on every platform that it was Winston who planned the disastrous campaign of the Dardanelles in the first war and that in 1919 he sent troops against Russia to try and overthrow the Bolshevik revolution. They ignore the fact that Churchill did everything possible to prevent the Hitler war by trying to rouse the sluggish British people to their danger and their unpreparedness. He only took over the leadership of the nation when disaster was in full flood, and he led the nation to ultimate victory in a war for which he had no title of responsibility. Nor do his political opponents recall that probably no other politician did more than Churchill over the years to bring in and fight for measures of social reform. However, it is not only in Britain that political parties ignore the virtues of their adversaries and concentrate upon their failings. Even St. Laurent and Drew do not shower each other with bouquets.

The trouble with the socialist campaign against Churchill is that the charges are hypothetical and therefore cannot be refuted by fact. For example they say that if Churchill had been prime minister instead of Attlee he would have supported MacArthur in

support of Salisbury and even advocated the sending of troops.

OPEN SEASON

Near Christmas, I eschew the one
Who states, "My shopping is all
done!"

—Trudi Nelson

a full-out war against China. How does one meet such a charge since it is a mere supposition?

The socialist case does not end there. They say that if Churchill had been in power these last six years we would have been at war with Russia. The fact that Churchill in his famous Fulton speech laid the foundation stone of the Atlantic Pact which is now the strongest insurance against Russia going to war is not mentioned. But I do not deny that many socialists believe what they are saying is true. If you repeat often enough "Today is Monday" you will probably come to believe it even if it is Tuesday.

An Enigma In Eden

I have dwelt at some length on this because it undoubtedly played an important part in the difficult and even embarrassing situation which confronted the Tories when the Persians told the British to get out.

As soon as it was evident that the Persians meant what they said, Anthony Eden, as deputy leader of the Opposition, assured Foreign Secretary Morrison that the Conservatives would back him in any measures, no matter how strong, which he considered necessary to safeguard British lives and property. The Conservatives cheered loudly and Morrison thanked Eden. But the socialist backbenchers frowned.

A few days later Attlee and Morrison agreed that while the Persian crisis remained unsolved there should be secret meetings between Attlee, Morrison, Churchill and Eden when all the facts in possession of the Government would be disclosed. I must confess that this came as something of a shock to a good many of us on the Opposition benches.

From the moment that the two Conservative leaders were in confidential contact with the Government we could expect no further leadership on the Persian issue because Churchill and Eden would be open to the charge of revealing confidences or basing their speeches upon facts disclosed to them in secret. In these circumstances it was inevitable that the Tories would become restive, and they did.

Eden's attitude was hard to understand. Beyond a perfunctory parliamentary question every couple of days—"Has the Foreign Secretary any statement to make on the Persian situation?"—he seemed to disappear and take little further interest in the normal debates. Rumors spread that he did not agree with Winston's "sweet reasonableness" and wanted a firmer policy.

I must now explain that while the Conservative Party is a minority in the Commons it is in a big majority in the Lords where Lord Salisbury is the party leader. Churchill is, of course, the leader of the whole party but Salisbury is his chief lieutenant in the Upper House. Therefore it came as a shock when Salisbury told the peers he was not satisfied with the Government's timid handling of the Persians, and called for stronger measures.

Nor was this the only shock. Lord Camrose's influential Daily Telegraph, which has always backed Churchill in fair weather or foul, came out in strong

support of Salisbury and even advocated the sending of troops.

Here then was a political sensation of unpredictable potentialities. Was Salisbury deliberately inviting a break with Churchill, and, if so, where did Eden stand? Again it is necessary to recall that when Eden was foreign secretary in the Chamberlain Government, Salisbury was his under-secretary, and that when Eden resigned Salisbury went into the wilderness with him. Politically and personally they are the closest possible friends.

Three Strikes—and Out?

Churchill's champions, and there are many such in the party, said he had shown his greatness by deliberately putting country before party in choosing to assist the Government. His critics, and there are many such in the party, said he was trying to live down the charge of "warmonger," which was becoming a real danger to the Tory chances in the next election. Fortunately I am in no position to say which, if any, of these points of view was right—although I have my own ideas.

I have drawn this picture to show you that if there is an election this autumn the socialists, although split by the Bevan resignation, will make a united two-pronged appeal to the electorate, whereas the Tories, who have had no open split within their ranks, will present a confused front.

In the history of British politics there is probably no example of any party leader finding himself in such a paradoxical situation as Winston Churchill. He is the most loved and popular man in the country yet has never been returned as prime minister by the country. He succeeded to that position in 1940 on the resignation of Neville Chamberlain without an election. In 1945 and 1950 when he went to the country he was rejected.

Will he face the possibility of a third rejection? Every instinct of his nature will urge him to fight and damn the consequences but he has his place in history to consider. If there is a third defeat then it could only be followed by his resignation. Nothing will ever dim his glory as a war leader but the epilogue of a triple defeat on the civilian front would be a poor climax to his mighty story.

Anything may happen before these words appear in Maclean's but, as a contemporary historian, I set down the facts as they exist at the moment, remembering that today is the parent of tomorrow. The tide may turn swiftly and alter everything but just now the socialist chances are stronger than seemed possible in the gloom and despondency of last winter. ★

FIFTY-FIFTY THING

A lowering of my spouse's lid,
A nudge, a squint, two bumps,
Inform me whether I'm to bid
In clubs, spades, hearts, no trumps.

Our marriage has a split command,
Which works out very fine:
At home I do her bidding and
At bridge games she does mine.

—Francis Tullus

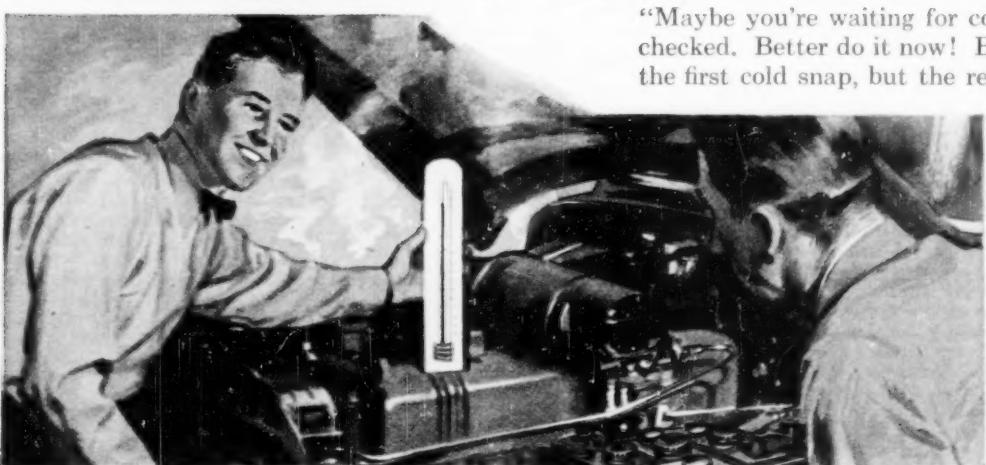
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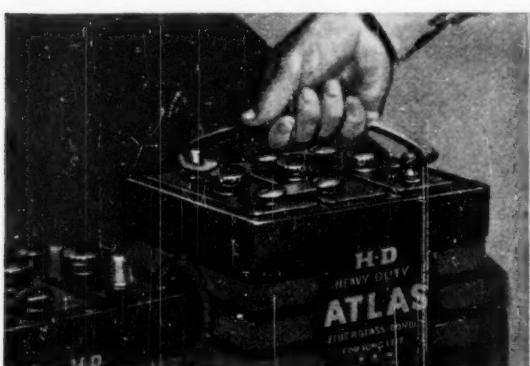
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What You Should Know About a Bath

Continued from page 24

that it's not surprising if all this internal activity leaves you keyed up and jittery. You can avoid these harmful effects by starting your shower or tub with lukewarm water and gradually turning it colder. It isn't a good idea to stay in too long either. After about eight minutes of icy immersion your pulse and heart rate will decrease, oxygen intake will fall, and you may well feel somewhat torpid, like a hibernating bat. This delayed reaction explains the usefulness of the "cold pack" used to quieten the mentally ill.

Are you troubled with rough red skin? Your bath may be responsible. Some people have extra-sensitive skin, easily irritated by water and soap, especially during the cooler months. Some dermatologists say that during the winter nobody should bathe more than once or twice a week. Many common skin ailments, these doctors believe, are due to over-bathing. Opinion is divided on this, but all agree that if your skin is naturally thin and dry baths are likely to roughen and redden it, especially if the water in your neighborhood is hard.

This is most likely to be the case if you live in the area round the Great Lakes. Lake water is usually quite hard, with the magnesium, calcium and iron salts dumped by inflowing rivers. Any of these may be irritating to your skin. Toronto water, for example, is about ten times harder than the gentle stuff from taps in Vancouver which comes from the mountains. Softest water of all, of course, is rain water, since the atmosphere is free of minerals.

Be Sure You're Not Allergic

Even if you're lucky enough to be able to bathe in soft water it may still be hard on your skin—depending on the temperature of the water. A surprisingly large number of people are super-sensitive to extremes of heat or cold. The symptoms are similar to those of allergy, which is an unusual sensitivity to certain proteins. Exposure to hot or cold water makes these sufferers develop hives, pimples or rashes. In extreme cases, according to a study made at McGill University, this heat or cold sensitivity may actually produce nausea, weakness, heart palpitations and collapse.

A case of this cold allergy was reported in Vancouver recently. A high school boy was taking a cold bath after dinner when his parents suddenly realized he had been in the bathroom for an hour and a half. Loud knocking on the door failed to rouse him and finally his father and a neighbor broke down the door. They found the boy unconscious on the floor. He was so sensitive to cold water that he had barely managed to get out of the tub before he fainted.

Two Vancouver physicians who have studied this cold allergy have suggested a simple test. Doctors Abraham Bogoch and Margaret Mullinger recommend that you dip your hand in a bowl of cold water and keep it there for six minutes. If it swells up or starts to burn there's a chance you're extra-sensitive to cold baths. You can't even be sure of building up immunity by taking repeated icy plunges.

But don't give up the idea of bathing completely. The right bath at the right time may do wonders for you. One physician bathes away the cares and fatigues of the day. Every night he fills his tub with lukewarm—not hot—water. He sits in it for twenty-five

minutes. Then he pats himself lightly with a towel and feels as relaxed and cheerful as a kitten. Here's his explanation:

"The body has a complicated temperature-regulating mechanism that works continuously whether you're awake or asleep—but not when you're reclining in a lukewarm bath. Then your environment is at your normal body temperature, your body performs no work at all, so you enjoy complete rest. You can relax fully, especially with the water to form a partial support for your muscles. That's why a half hour in a lukewarm tub can relax a nervous individual more effectively than the most powerful drugs."

This physician points out that there's



no reason why you can't spend the whole evening with a good book in such a bath, turning on the hot water now and then to keep the bath between 92 and 98 degrees. You can buy a bath thermometer for a dollar if you're interested in getting the temperature right.

The wise bathophile adjusts his bath temperature to his purpose. While a lukewarm bath can soothe the troubled psyche, a hot bath performs different but equally valuable services. Some doctors are convinced that people don't take enough of them.

One doctor said recently: "People will jump into a hot tub after working in the garden or playing a round of golf, but otherwise they confine themselves to cool or tepid baths. Many have the mistaken idea that hot baths are debilitating, or actually damaging. The truth is, a ten-minute soak in a hot tub is a stimulant, medicine and tonic all rolled into one. It relaxes tense muscles, soothes aching ones, helps blood circulation and restores vitality."

Do you feel sleepy and lazy when you get up in the morning? Most people do. One of the best eye-openers is a quick hot bath, followed by a brisk rub-down with a hot towel. A hot bath is equally good as a prelude to an evening out. Try it—you'll find you won't yawn so much later on.

There is one false notion about hot baths that doctors would like scuttled. This is the idea that hot baths can help you lose weight. Some bathomaniacs claim that a session in a hot tub will melt off the lard. It won't. Sweat isn't fat. The only reliable way to cut down your poundage is to reduce your calorie intake to the point where it matches your energy output.

By the way, you needn't be afraid of catching cold from taking cold baths in cool weather. Just how you catch a cold is still a subject for speculation, but a British scientist, C. H. Andrews, showed recently that chilling can probably be ruled out. He had a group of young men take baths and then stand around in a draughty passage, while they wore wet bathing suits and damp socks. His conclusion: chilling neither induces nor favors colds.

Not long ago another experimental group demonstrated one of the more puzzling effects of taking a bath. In this test University of Chicago students sat for five minutes in cold baths. Then checks were made on their visual acuity and reaction speeds. It was found that both were markedly improved. The effect vanished when the subjects stepped out.

A still more remarkable feature of the common, or enamelled, bathtub was discovered during World War II. Aviation researchers solemnly revealed that a fighter pilot wouldn't be so likely to black out if he sat in a tub full of water. Presumably the uniform pressure of the water, acting on the superficial blood vessels, was supposed to keep the blood from piling up in the pilot's feet when his brain needed it. (You black out or faint when the blood drains away from the brain.) Later the basic idea of the flying tub was used in the G-suit, which did the job by hydraulic pressure within a double-walled suit.

Recently doctors have suggested baths are helpful in treating several common ailments. Dr. F. S. Brien, of London, Ont., told delegates at a recent convention of the Canadian Medical Association that hot baths were useful in aiding arthritics.

"A daily hot bath," he said, "may be of considerable value in stimulating circulation, relieving pain and muscle spasms." He recommended starting with three-to-five minute baths, increasing to fifteen minutes.

At a meeting of the Ontario Medical Association Dr. George Armstrong, of Ottawa, reported that warm salt baths are an effective treatment for pains in the feet and legs. Other doctors have reported the successful use of baths for digestive troubles, neuritis, gout and some blood-vessel disorders.

Doctors hasten to point out the dangers of employing the common tub for everything that ails you. One physician cited the case of a woman who had a recurring pain in her right arm and shoulder. She had heard that hot baths were good for rheumatism, so she soaked herself each night in a hot tub. It turned out that her pains were symptoms of heart disease, for which hot baths are definitely out.

In early days, however, bath enthusiasts recommended tubbing for every ailment in the book. Carried one publicist in 1759: "The warm bath is a certain cure for colds, lowness of spirits, headaches, hysterical complaints, convulsive asthma. Pain and sickness, dejection and weakness are cured by cold baths, the person scarce believing he is the same man."

On the other hand, Louis XIV of France was so convinced bathing was injurious that he refused to take a bath more than once a year. Many people of his time bathed only in milk to avoid the supposed ill effects of water, which, they were convinced, caused respiratory ailments, headaches, nervous condition and heart disease.

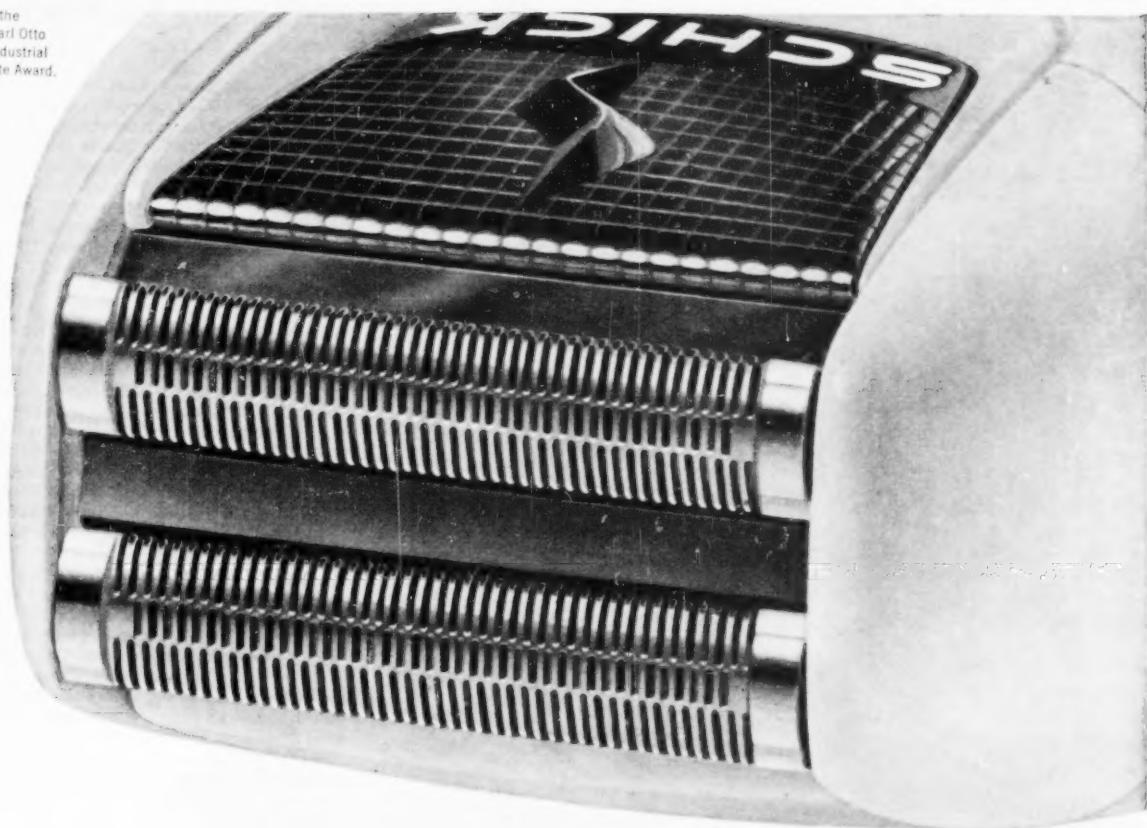
As recently as 1902 a Chicago physician, John Dill Robertson, announced that the growing habit of bathing encouraged pneumonia, made people soft and damaged the skin by washing off perspiration. Water, soap and rubbing, Robertson said firmly, combined to remove the outer layers of the skin, leaving vital parts unprotected.

You probably don't need to worry about this. Your skin is constantly renewing itself, sloughing off the old dead particles. In fact by the time you're seventy you will have lost forty-five pounds of skin in this way. Bathing simply washes away these unattached fragments, which would have fallen off anyway. You'll never miss them. ★

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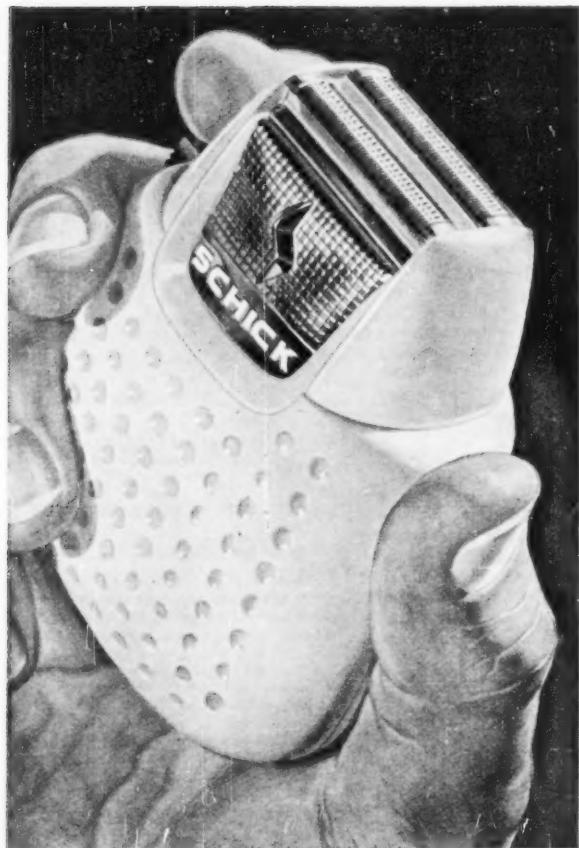


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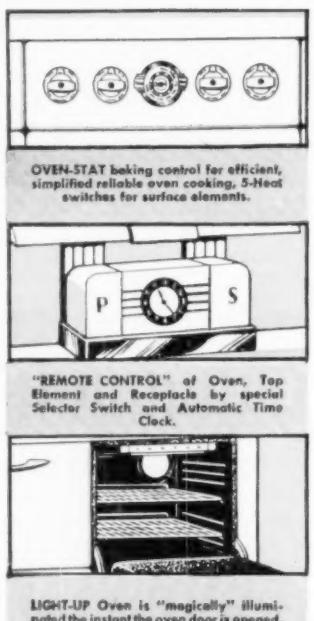


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Where Are You Dear?

Continued from page 30

"Seen anything of my wife?" he asks. My wife tells him she was at our front door only a moment ago.

"Can you tie that?" Claude exclaims. "She's probably punching all the doorbells in the block by now. And just because I stepped out on our back porch for a minute to clean my pipe. Honest, the way we keep losing track of each other, we gotta move into a smaller house or else seal off one of the halls."

Claude starts down the street looking for her, gets as far as the tobacco shop where he spends the next half hour playing the pin-ball machine to take his mind off the loss of his mate.

Amy, however, must have returned directly home, for soon we hear her calling, "Claude! Hey, Claude!" Then just about the time I suspect she starts looking over her black dresses Claude returns. On the fourth or fifth day they start speaking again.

It isn't that married couples can't stand being separated. We can. The daily separation that steers hubby to his job and wifey to her laundry tubs is accepted gracefully by both parties. (In fact, the fervor with which my wife hands me my brief case and shoves me out the kitchen door mornings leads me to think she actually is looking forward to my absence.) But it is the unexpected parting—the sudden illogical kind—that sends marriage partners scurrying off in all directions, peering into the deepest end of the swimming pool or into the darkest corners of the bus terminal, until finally the two dear departed wind up again in each other's arms—a pair of nervous wrecks.

Handcuffs at the Depot

The Public Separation, or department store variety, is a fearsome thing indeed. Here there is so much more room to roam in, as well as so many more strange faces to confuse the hunt. It also entails a certain amount of humiliation, unless you are the type of chap who doesn't mind enquiring at the information desk for "a short lady in a green hat."

Whenever we go shopping together my wife and I are extra careful. But it doesn't seem to help. We start into the store with linked arms, only by the time we've plodded through perfumes, notions, and sportswear, somebody's arm gets tired and those whom the Lord hath joined together are presently wandering off down different aisles.

From then on, it's like the last reel of an old Mack Sennett comedy. I'll get a glimpse of her on the C.U. escalator, next a brief flash of a woman who looks like her getting into an elevator, finally a plunge through centre bargain basement, crying out as I go such apologies as "Ooops!" or "Sorry-thought-you-were-my-wife." And all the while not knowing what in heaven she may be buying and charging to our account.

Some married couples have this same trouble in super markets, but for them I hold no hope. There's no excuse for it. First, a super market is all on one floor. Second, everybody must go out the same exit. And third, when my wife and I do get separated in one, I simply go with my basket-cart to the checker's aisle and wait.

Railroad stations, however, are something else again. Especially the big modern ones with arcades leading off in all directions and different levels where the trains come in. Why some people persist in thinking they can arrange to meet in railroad stations is



"George can't be bothered cutting firewood."
Maclean's

beyond me. My wife and I wouldn't even attempt to walk through one together unless we were handcuffed.

The other night at our neighborhood movie my wife got up halfway through the picture and whispered, "This stinks. I'll wait for you in the car." I let her go and settled back to see the picture to the end when suddenly I remembered our car was locked and I had the key. I lost track of the screen plot and spent the next ten minutes worrying about where she would wait, since it was pretty cold outside. Unable to stand it any longer I went out, looking for her in the lobby, under the marquee, and in the pharmacy next door. I tried the car just for luck and then walked a block each way, thinking she might have gone window shopping. At last I went back to the theatre and told the girl in the ticket booth of my problem.

"Have you tried the ladies' lounge?" she asked.

"I wouldn't dare!" I said.

"It's okay to just peek in," she told me. "All you can see is leather furniture and smoking stands. I'd look for you only I'm tied up here with tickets."

Displaying a bravado I didn't feel I inched ajar the door marked **Ladies**. The next instant a voice hissed in my ear, "Psst, wrong room, fella." It was the man who takes the tickets.

"I was looking for my wife," I tried to explain lamely.

"Looking for your wife, eh?" he said. "Is she the lady couldn't get in the car on account you had it locked? Well, she's sitting over there in the last row. Came back in to keep warm."

Driving home she told me the picture wasn't so bad after all, and that it had a beautiful ending. The hero had found the heroine.

What I've been trying to get at is this: If Dr. Walter really wants to study a pair of lovers roaming around looking for one another he can throw out his turtles and send for us. We can lose each other on the grounds of the Neurological Institute just as well as we can here at home. What's more, we'd always have the doctor to help bring us together again. ★

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The Most Beautiful Girl I've Ever Known

Continued from page 17

acting and wanted to play the lead in A. A. Milne's *The Romantic Age*, the first show we did that summer, the real reason I tried so hard for the part was that Beverly Harding was going to play Melisande. Thanks to much work and the fact that Professor Gurney, the director, was a fraternity brother, I got my desire. I officially met Beverly for the first time when we reported for rehearsal on the old stage in Lockhart Hall. We were introduced, and she gave me a disarmingly frank grin and spoke in a voice that was low without being throaty. "Might as well know the man I've got to make love to," she said. I muttered some polite but stupid platitude and the reading of lines began before I could try for a better impression. Beverly wore white shorts that day; she had nice legs.

She was an intelligent actress of the type all too rare among amateurs, who doesn't show much at first reading but grows into the part as rehearsals go along until the performance finds her in sure control of it. There was just one spot that always gave her difficulty — that magical love scene in the second act. In this the script called for me to kiss her, first her hands and then her lips, asking her permission each time. In almost every rehearsal Beverly had to be prompted two or three times as we approached this scene, though in the rest of the play she was letter perfect. And the first time Gurney told us to work out the business of the kisses I felt her quiver and stiffen as I took her hands.

The kiss itself was a semi-reverent one that called for little pressure, but as Beverly's lips met mine there seemed no strength at all behind them. They were in the right position, but it wasn't what I had allowed myself to dream of, even for a stage kiss. The unexpected reaction, plus the presence of interested onlookers, made me bungle the job, so that when I took my lips away there was a loud smack. The rest of the cast snickered and I could feel myself turning scarlet. Beverly flushed a little too, but didn't lose her composure. Instead she just cocked an eyebrow at me and said we'd improve. Casually, with a sort of wry face.

After rehearsal that day Ted Herries and I wandered over to the Union for a hamburger and Ted began kidding me about it all. "Statement for the Press, Sam. What's it feel like to be Beverly Harding's first kiss?"

I ignored the question. It didn't make sense that a girl that beautiful could get through college un kissed. But the idea of it tied up with her reaction when I took her hands in mine.

At the next rehearsal, though, the kiss went perfectly. No passion in it, of course, nor even any warmth, but nobody in the first row could have told it from the real thing. I didn't try to make it real. But that wasn't because I didn't want to know Beverly better. Whenever we had a few minutes off stage at the same time I'd try to drift over to her without being too obvious about it, but it never did me much good. She always had all the actors and crew and hangers-on bunched around her, and I never could get her alone. She spent most of those waiting periods laughing and chatting with Bert Dahlgren, who's a stupid little guy if I ever saw one, and every time I managed to make a bright remark it came in too late and in a voice that didn't sound like mine.

I don't shine in crowds. I really

felt a bit hurt about the whole business, since you'd naturally expect an actress to pair off with her leading man, if anyone. Not that Beverly snubbed me or ignored me. I just couldn't make myself noticeable and she wasn't interested enough to notice things for herself. I got mad and swore the night of the show I'd kiss her really thoroughly, but I lost my nerve.

THE TWO performances came and went successfully and the next Sunday we all had a picnic out at Lake Rodman at the Hardings' camp. There were only two girls there besides Beverly and about fifteen men, but I never saw anybody keep them all happy the way she did. The other two girls picked out partners and retired to the corners, but Beverly seemed to be everywhere at once, playing and talking with all the rest of us. We swam and tilted in canoes and toasted ourselves in the sun and pitched horseshoes and ate hotdogs and Beverly was keeping it all going. Every now and then I'd catch her eye and we'd grin at each other.

Late in the afternoon I manoeuvred my way into sharing the shelter of a big pine with her when we were playing hide-and-seek and blurted out a horribly blunt and un-led-up-to request for a movie date. She looked surprised but accepted. I felt as if my fingers had brushed one tip of a star and was reaching for a better hold on it when Bert Dahlgren came blundering in on us and I was "it."

I rode back to campus that evening in Beverly's car and felt like having my date with her announced with a fanfare of trumpets, but I didn't think it would be appropriate with four other people in the back seat. Beverly was a good driver, I noticed. She kept her attention on the road and not the merry-making in the car.

I don't think I was in love with her — I hardly knew her and I couldn't help feeling that she was out of my class. There's a definite caste system in colleges, and a ham actor doesn't rate as a hero. I was glad of any attention that Beverly gave me. I admired her beauty and vitality and just liked to be where I could watch her, stare at the cameo lines of her profile and dazzle myself with the light glinting on her hair. I remember I decided one day it was the color of orange blossom honey. I loved her the way I loved the Greek statues or Gainsborough portraits in the art museum, but I would no more have thought of falling in love with her than with one of them. They were equally beyond the possibility of achievement.

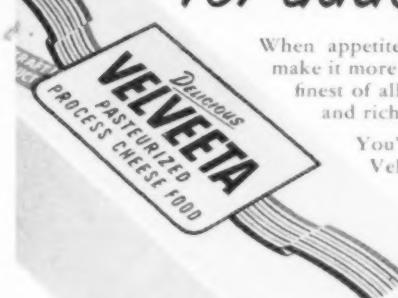
So when I had my date with Beverly I took it as a sort of religious sacrament, a chance for closer communion with an ideal. Anyhow, I had a girl of my own at home — though I must confess I didn't give Kay any thought while I sat in the theatre beside Beverly. I was too busy looking at her from the corner of my eye in the dim light, watching the shadows shift over the soft contours of her face as they shifted on the screen. Why they were shifting on the screen, I don't know. I wasn't much interested in the picture.

Communion with an ideal, I suppose, can never really be close enough to suit the idealist. As I walked Beverly home through the warm summer night I became increasingly aware of her nearness and her distance, so that as she turned in at the gate of her yard I caught her hand and pulled her around to face me. She looked so surprised that it surprised me. "What's the matter, Sam?"

I tried to bring out casually the

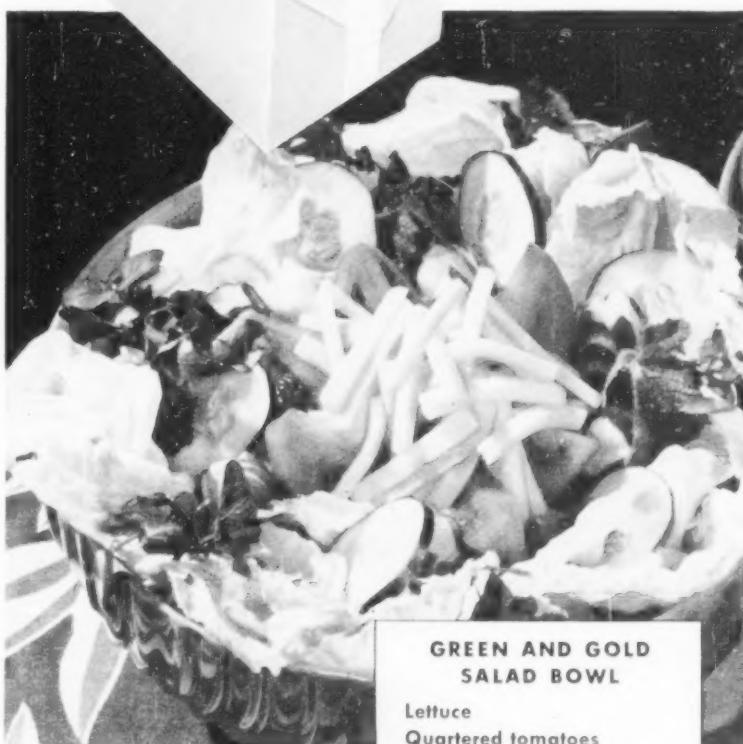
Continued on page 39

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Continued from page 37

speech I'd been preparing all the way back from the theatre. "I wondered if you kissed the same way off stage that you do on," I said, and as I said it I was ashamed of myself for saying it that way.

Beverly gave me a smile that was half sympathy and half amusement. "I don't know. I've never tried the comparison." I started to bend forward with hope, but the stiffening of her hand checked me. "Why do you men worry so much about kisses, anyway?"

The simple curiosity of her tone caught me unprepared. I mumbled something about nature.

"It seems foolish."

I thought of a new approach and started off on it, though the right moment had gone. "If it's foolish, what can you lose?"

This time she really did laugh at me. "Don't try so hard, Sam. It would probably be just the same off stage as on. Thanks for a nice evening." She disengaged herself and ran into the house.

I suppose I was outmanoeuvred that evening. Plenty of men I know would advise cave-man tactics in a situation like that, and I suppose I could have swept her literally off her feet in a passionate embrace. But it would have been out of character for me. I was feeling more reverence than passion.

With my first assault repulsed I

suppose also that I could have started a methodical siege. I could have asked for more dates and tried to wear her down. She'd made my failure as easy as possible and we even broke out in secret-sharing grins the next time we met, but I never asked Beverly for a date again. Something told me it would be hopeless—and that even if there were hope of success, success would be sacrilege. She might have been the right woman for me, but there was no way to tell without knowing her, and no way to know her without cracking the shell of beauty. And to injure beauty is blasphemy.

So the rest of that summer Beverly and I met only by chance. In the fall I needed some extra cash and got a job in the library, so I saw her more often. When I had an odd moment I'd look into the big reading room where she presided at the desk. At any given time at least one man out of three there would be looking up from his book and resting his eyes on her. She knew the effect she had, too. She dressed carefully, and I saw how she inspected herself quickly in the mirror before stepping into the room. Not that she primped. She never needed that.

Beverly went to all the football games that fall and to all the dances after them. At the Henryson week end I saw her with my fraternity brother Mark Taylor, who was the Varsity left guard. I didn't think much

about it, but the next week end I saw her with Mark again, and I was very interested. I didn't know Mark too well at that time, but I began to take notice of him. He was a veteran late in starting university, who'd transferred to Varney at the start of his junior year. We'd pledged him largely on his football reputation, since the house was a bit short of athletic prestige, but he turned out to be a pretty good find compared with some of the Neanderthals we'd had. He was a tall dark fellow with an almost melancholy face that looked as if it had come from an Egyptian bas-relief. Dark, sensitive eyes, long nose, straight black hair. Smaller than most football players, and more intelligent. I hadn't seen much of him except when we happened to be sitting at the same table in the dining room, where he was quiet even in his laughter.

The day after I saw him for the second time with Beverly curiosity made me manoeuvre myself to the seat next to him at supper.

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" I asked.

Mark started one of his slow smiles, but before he could answer Rip Littlejohn piped up that that was no lady, that was Beverly Harding. I glared at Rip.

"Enough," I said, kicking him under the table. "Where did you meet her Mark?"

"At the library. I was looking for an economics book and she used to use the same one at Smith."

"Ah," said Rip. "An intellectual companionship."

This time Mark merely shrugged. "If you want to call it that."

I wasn't sure what to call it, but perhaps Rip was right.

A LL FALL, Mark continued to lead the interference, and he intercepted a pass for the winning touchdown in the Tech game. And all fall Beverly went to the dances with him, and sometimes I saw them strolling along the campus walks scuffing the red leaves, Mark in his lumberjack shirt and Beverly with the dark fur collar of her storm coat setting off the brightness of her hair. From time to time their hands would touch and shyly part again. At winter houseparties she was Mark's date and wore blue and silver to the ball. They picked her for queen and Mark looked painfully proud.

I saw them afterward back at the fraternity house. It was like the aftermath of most dances—everyone changed from evening clothes to slacks and a waiting line for a place to sit down. Kay had come up that week end and she and I were lucky enough to have a love seat by the fire all to ourselves. Beverly and Mark were on another one across from us, where I could see them dimly by the firelight. I felt a little sorry to see Beverly there. She could take care of herself all right, and I thought Mark would take care of her even if she couldn't, but she didn't seem to fit in a fraternity house after a dance. I even neglected Kay a little to watch. I felt very cheap but I couldn't resist it. Mark's arm lay on the back of the seat, hovering over Beverly's shoulders but not quite daring to touch them. They stayed that way over a minute, she staring off somewhere into the darkness. Then she leaned forward and kissed him, and Mark's arm folded her in. Their kiss reminded me of the kisses Beverly used to give me on the stage.

I couldn't figure it out. A girl like Beverly had no need for necking to keep up a man's interest, and she looked almost wildly happy, but that kiss had had less passion than art. Almost as if she'd forced herself to it,



Really grown up she feels now. It's the first time her mother has asked the daughter's advice about anything as important and personal as monthly sanitary protection. "You seem so gay and unconcerned on those days. What is the secret?" her mother had said. The girl's answer contained just one word—"Tampax."

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And ripped five shingles from the eaves,
And coiled a long, tormenting tail
Among the agitated leaves —
Has not dislodged this cobweb strand
Of cable stretched in shining length
From post to door, a swaying band
Of delicate and fragile strength;
Here lies the core of victory:
Enduring flexibility.

—Martha Banning Thomas

Mark was just starting to follow it up when Rip Littlejohn shuffled over. He was slightly drunk and showed it in his bow. "I wish," he said, "to offer my undying loyalty to our queen! Long may she reign, and may she—er—"

He stood stupidly scratching his head, and Mark frowned, but Beverly looked relieved at the interruption. She smiled at Rip and passed off some friendly remark that sent him away beaming. Mark clasped her hand anxiously and they relaxed again. For a long time they sat staring at the red

coals, but I saw no more kisses.

Yet the next morning there was a Pi Phi pin on Beverly's sweater and Mark was floating gracefully six inches off the floor. I don't think anybody blamed him, certainly not I. My only feeling in the matter was a blend of envy, disappointment, and mild surprise. Envy because Kay was just a pretty girl and Beverly was something from fairyland. Disappointment that anything so free as a fairy should be caught. And surprise that Mark had done the catching. In that I wasn't quite alone. I don't think any of us

had taken Mark seriously as a lover. He seemed too mild, in spite of his football prowess. Now he walked off with the prize and we wondered what there was in him we'd overlooked.

THROUGH winter and early spring I would watch Beverly at the end of the day. When the bell rang to close the library she'd grab her coat and skim the floor to where Mark waited for her. Her face would glow like a pearl and I wondered how she could look so worried sometimes as she sat at her work. Almost any girl in

love is beautiful. Beverly's beauty when she was with Mark turned up like stage lights but away from him it sometimes seemed drained of all vitality. I think Mark may have suspected it, or noticed something of that sort when they were alone, because one night he dropped into my room and asked me if I thought Beverly was happy. "You work with her," he said. "You must have noticed."

"She looks worried sometimes," I told him. "I don't know what about."

"I don't either. I wish I did." For a long time he sat stroking the plush of my battered old armchair with his strangely delicate fingers. "I love her, Sam. I think she loves me. She says so and I believe it. But there are times when I feel I don't even know her. I just don't understand."

I promised to keep an eye on her, and he went. It was a shame, I thought. Mark and Beverly made a fine pair and there shouldn't be any drawbridges between them.

Yet I think there must have been. I still don't know much about it, but one night in April I saw Beverly alone, and I have been puzzled ever since. It was the first warm evening in spring. I had finished my work about ten and, feeling lonely for Kay or somebody, I decided to go for a stroll down by the lake to twist the dagger. The air was like a kiss, and there was a half moon that made it all the worse. I suppose I wasn't really too sad, though. You can't be if you enjoy it. But as I walked through the pines by the lake feeling sorry for myself I saw a girl sitting at the edge of the water, all alone, with her legs stretched out and her arms braced back against a rock, and it was Beverly. She was just sitting there, staring at the setting half moon.

I was surprised at first not to see Mark with her, until I remembered I had seen him at the house studying for an hour exam the next day. Beverly hadn't seen me yet, and I stood under the pines behind her wondering if I should speak. I felt as if I were intruding, but it would be hard to move without her hearing me. While I was still trying to make up my mind she suddenly rolled over with a sob and lay face down on the rock crying convulsively. I started to go then, but she heard me moving and looked up. "Oh, it's you, Sam." She managed a shamed smile through her tears, but her voice quivered.

"Me," I said. "Sorry to butt in. I was just trying to figure out a way to move on gracefully."

"Never mind." She sat up breathing hard and struggling to control herself. "This is silly, isn't it?"

"That depends on what it's all about."

"Come over here." I approached obediently. "It is silly. See that moon up there?"

"I've been noticing it."

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes."

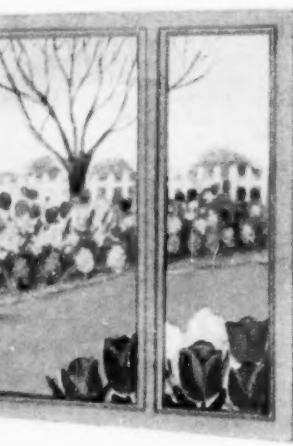
"Isn't it more beautiful than when it's full?" she asked urgently.

"I don't know," I said. "I hadn't thought about it." I wondered if she were all right and hoped she wouldn't get hysterical.

"I think it is. Much more beautiful. Most people don't agree, but a half moon is always lovelier than the full. And tonight it's perfect. I'm not making sense, am I, Sam? But it's true. A full moon is all finished and done with. It's got nothing but decay in front of it. But one like this is young and growing."

"It will get full too, if you give it time."

"I know, but I don't want to give it time. I guess that's what makes me so miserable tonight. Everything's



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so perfect—that lake, and the trees, and the smell of the air, and the moon, and the light on the water. I guess I just wish it could stay that way. And it's all changing. Changing to die."

"Everything does. Passing through nature to eternity" and so forth."

"I don't mind the dying. It's the changing. Things ought to end when they're at their best, the moon at the crescent and the year at the spring. Just freeze that way forever. Why do they have to grow fat and old and then shrivel up and waste away? You're a philosopher, Sam. Tell me."

"Time is the successive awareness of experiences that may in reality be a simultaneous, contiguous, and integral whole."

"Really? What does that mean?"

"Nothing."

Beverly dangled her hand in the water and spoke in a low voice as if to herself. "It is cleaner for beauty to end sharply. It has to end somehow, and a knife is better than dry rot."

She got up and brushed off her skirt. "I'd better go home."

"Shall I take you?"

"No, I'm okay now." She started off and stopped after a few steps. "Sam."

"Yes?"

"Don't tell Mark about this, will you? He'd worry."

"I won't," I said.

She nodded and I watched her out of sight. Then I studied the moon carefully myself for a few minutes, trying to see the tragedy inherent in the crescent. I thought perhaps I knew what Beverly meant. Something of what Shelley had in mind in Adonais when he wrote: "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity." Beverly could have had a vision of an eternal moon with the eternal change of life eternally defacing it. But maybe that wasn't it.

She seemed to avoid me at work the next day, rather as I had expected. When someone has caught you emotionally naked it takes you a long time to get properly dressed again. The pre-graduation rush was beginning anyway, with general exams and class day exercises and so forth, so that a few days later I dropped my job and just concentrated on getting my diploma. From then on I saw Beverly only rarely.

I caught a glimpse of her with Mark at the Graduation Ball and wanted to get in a few appropriate words of farewell, but didn't have the chance. Mark looked happier than I had seen him for some time and I wondered if they were going to announce their engagement, but nothing materialized. The next day I became a B.A. and left Varney behind me.

THEN, in the middle of the summer, it happened. Vacationing in the Laurentians, I picked up the local paper one evening and saw the headline:

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WOMAN KILLED IN BOND HILL CRASH. It was Beverly Harding. She and another girl had been on a camping trip and had plunged off the road into a deep ravine. The other girl, who was seriously injured, couldn't give a coherent account of it. Beverly had been driving. It was late morning and the road had been empty. Apparently she had just fallen into a reverie and steered through the guard rail on a well-paved straight stretch. She had died in a twisted mass of metal wedged between two boulders.

The news shocked me. I felt a sense

of great loss, a sense of haunting emptiness, of a glory passed from the earth.

Beverly Harding was beautiful, the most beautiful girl I have ever known. Though I knew her only slightly, my life has been marked by her. And yet all that beauty and loveliness were lost without a trace, except in the memories of those who knew her. No one lived after Beverly to be her heir, to inherit that taffy-blond hair and those warm grey eyes. I think that is what pained me most. Beverly should have had tall sons and beautiful daughters, but

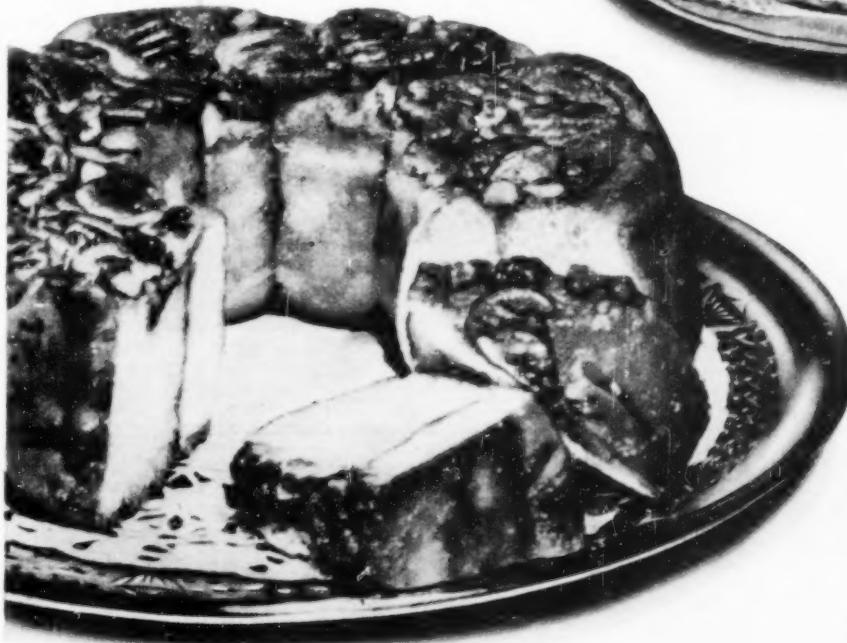
she was cut off in the bud. Nature is too prodigal in the way she wastes her finest efforts.

So I thought. Now I see a girl three rows ahead of me and four to the left who seems Beverly Harding incarnate. The same blond hair, the same turned-up nose, the same perfect lines of the face, the same proud eyes. Oh girl, whoever you are, I am glad to see you, for you prove that beauty does not die. But oh, girl, whoever you are, cherish your beauty, for it can fade and vanish. Don't let the earth be deprived of its light. ★

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TAKE the tedium out of teatime with this eye-filling plate of Fruit-filled Buns from your baker! Banish ho-hum breakfasts with a switch to your baker's luscious Raisin Bread . . . fragrant from the toaster! Perk up luncheon-time with a crunchy Pecan Roll from your baker! . . . That's not meal-serving, lady—that's menu-making! Choose something tempting from your baker's assortment today.



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supplies appetizing variety in daily bread — White, Brown, Raisin, Rye, Cracked Wheat, and many others. Baker's Bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy — an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

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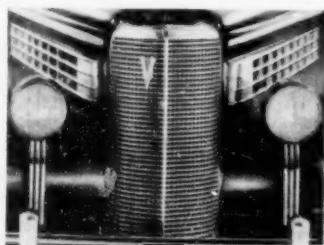
YOUR BNS MANAGER
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW



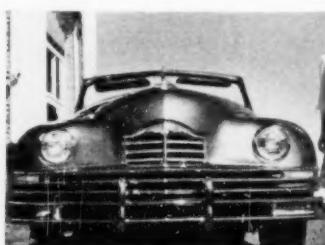
MACLEAN'S

HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 5

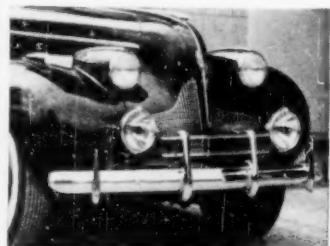
Just like women with their new season's hats, it seems that most auto-makers just have to find a new look for their cars each year. Can you name these models from their grilles? We give you the correct year and four choices of make. The answers are on page 45.



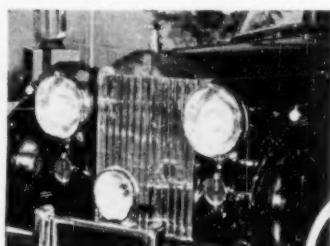
1 Hudson 1938 Cadillac
LaSalle Studebaker



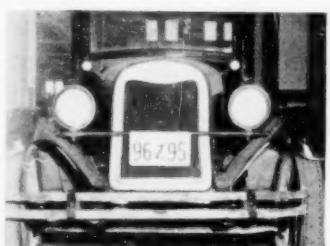
2 Kaiser 1948 Jaguar
Jowett Jupiter Packard



3 Buick 1939 Pontiac
De Soto Bentley



4 Riley 1950 Packard
Cadillac Rolls Royce



5 Franklin 1926 Ford
Chevrolet Nash



6 Plymouth 1942 Mercury
Studebaker Chrysler



7 Packard 1929 Cord
Daimler Auburn



8 Studebaker 1950 Ford
Pontiac Chevrolet



9 Buick 1939 Ford
Willys Fiat



10 Chrysler 1942 Pontiac
Hudson Lincoln-Zephyr



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YOUR BNS MANAGER
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW



Everybody Falls For Angie

Continued from page 22

was uncanny, positively supernatural, the way Joe could spot things like that.

This morning Mr. Phillips looked glumly at Joe, and said good morning. Joe usually gave him a very cheerful answer, but not this morning. Mr. Phillips thought for a moment that Joe's inventory mind had found an empty shelf somewhere. He looked for the telltale sign of the ears wiggling, but, to his surprise, it didn't come. He looked anxiously at Joe and noticed a glazed look on his face.

"Joe, what's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

Joe apparently didn't hear him. Then Mr. Phillips noticed that the shelf under Joe's nose was empty.

"Joe, we need more condensed milk on that shelf."

"Huh? What shelf?" Joe looked surprised.

"That one, the one right by your hand!"

"Oh, yeah, that's right," answered Joe. Mr. Phillips braced himself for the bellow that was supposed to follow.

To his surprise, it didn't come.

Joe only grinned happily and started moving the packages of lemon Jello from the shelf above and absent-mindedly staked them, pyramid fashion on the shelf where the condensed milk belonged.

Mr. Phillips stared at Joe, too puzzled to say anything. Then, to his amazement, he saw a woman bump into Joe with her cart. Joe didn't even seem to notice it, but continued piling lemon Jello in pyramids.

"Ye gods, Joe! What's the matter with you? Are you in love or some—"

The words drifted off into nothing. He realized the enormity and the truth, of what he had said. Joe was in love!

Mr. Phillips' mind was racing as he left Joe making pyramids of tabasco sauce on top of the dog food. He rushed into his office and assumed his thinking position; chair tipped 'way back, and his feet on the desk-top. He earnestly hoped his chair would collapse to the floor soon, for that always meant that his problem would be solved.

Lunchtime came and went. Still he remained in the thinking position. Not even the crash of milk bottles disturbed him. And when two women locked fenders of their carts, subsequently knocking over the shelf of ammonia bottles, still he didn't stir. The neighborhood brat came in and smeared limburger cheese over a case of strawberries, but still he remained, his feet on top of the desk, and the chair tipped at a crazy angle.

Then the chair collapsed. Mr. Phillips got to his feet, grinning and humming happily. He had solved his problem!

Dusting himself off he stepped out into the store, but had to stop to dislodge his foot from the wastebasket into which it had become wedged during his descent from the chair. Then he set off in search of Joe.

He found him in the fruit department, casually mixing the tomatoes with the apples.

"Joe, uh—what's the name of this girl you're going to marry?"

Joe's head inclined to one side, as if he were looking at something very interesting on the ceiling. His eyes revolved loosely in their sockets.

"Angie!" he whispered, throwing his heart into it.

"Angie? Angie what?"

"Angie Davis."

Mr. Phillips dodged a cart, being pushed by a determined looking woman

coming his way. But Joe was not so lucky. The cart caught him on the left shin, spun him about completely, causing him to drop the basket of tomatoes he was holding. They rolled all over the floor, and two were squashed by the cart, which then sped off into parts unknown.

Mr. Phillips went off to his office, leaving Joe, happily kicking the tomatoes about on the floor. Mr. Phillips had some things to do.

THE NEXT morning, he made it a point to come to the store early. As he was unlocking the door he heard a tinkling voice by his elbow, and turned around.

He was prepared for anything but what he saw. There, standing by him was a girl of such loveliness, that he had to rub his eyes to believe it. The sunlight threw glints of red from the blond hair which nestled in a luxuriant heap about her shoulders. Her skin was creamy, and set off by two specks of deep blue for the eyes, and the warm red of her lips. As he stared, the lips moved, showing white teeth.

"I'm Angie Davis. I got your telegram last night."

"Oh, yes—Angie!" answered Mr. Phillips in a daze, as he fumbled with his keys, "Come on in."

He finished unlocking the door and led her into the empty store.

She walked past him, and, her shoulder, brushing against his, convinced him that she was real.

He didn't say anything until they got into his office and he settled down behind his desk.

"Well, here's the idea," he said, clearing his throat, "We need another girl on the check-out counters, and I was—well, I wondered if you would like the job?"

"Would I? Boy, I sure would!" Her bell-like voice made the metal shade of the desk lamp tingle. Mr. Phillips had to put his hand out and touch it to stop the vibrations.

"Well then, you're hired." He was surprised at himself for the rapid way he had hired her. He usually gave everybody at least a half hour's interview. But, he suddenly realized, Angie had a way about her, that made business men forget business. Then too, he remembered, he had a reason for wanting her in the store.

He didn't even think to fill out a personnel card on her, merely led her to the dressing room and got her a smock to wear over her clothes. Then he introduced her to one of the other girls and vaguely assigned her to a check-out counter.

Still in a daze, he went back into his office.

A little while after the store opened, Joe came into the office.

"Mr. Phillips?" he began.

"Yes, Joe?"

"Ah have you hired anybody for my job yet?"

"No, Joe, I haven't."

"Well, then, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to stay on here."

Mr. Phillips was delighted.

"Why, certainly, Joe. That's fine. We'll just forget all about your wanting to leave."

This was his boy Joe! With his girl friend in the store, he was going to do bigger and better things. Mr. Phillips was pleased with himself for this little *coup d'état*. It certainly was a splendid idea of his, to get Angie into the store. Things were working out fine, just fine! He beamed.

Then Angie came in, her blond hair looking even more striking against the dark blue of her smock.

"Oh, Mr. Phillips. I just wanted to—oh, hello, Joe. She stopped, staring

Continued on page 45

"Indian Summer—all winter long!"



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The Most Beautiful Thing on Wheels

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Continued from page 43
fondly at Joe. Joe got to his feet, grinning foolishly.

"Yes, Angie?" answered Mr. Phillips.
"What? Oh, yes, Mr. Phillips. I just wanted to tell you, I have no money left."

"No money left? Oh, I see. You mean you have no small bills left, is that it?" He reached for the safe. But his hand stopped in midair at Angie's next words.

"No, I mean I have no money left at all. And there's a woman down there whose slip reads \$4.61 and I have only about a dollar left to change a ten dollar bill."

"Only a dollar left?" Mr. Phillips thought his mind wasn't functioning properly. "Surely you must have some other bills in your register?"

"No, I guess not. There must be a mistake somewhere," answered Angie in a puzzled voice.

Mr. Phillips thought furiously. There was something wrong, but he wasn't quite sure what it was. He'd better get to the bottom of things right away. The way she was talking, it sounded as if she'd been giving the customers more change than she should have been giving them. How would that be for a laugh!

"You see," Angie continued, "One woman had a slip for eight dollars, and then there were some others, and, well, somehow or other, I seem to have given back more than I collected!"

"Y-you mean?" he gasped. "Oh, no! It couldn't be happening to him!"

"That's right. I guess I've given it all away. Now I need some more money."

"Oh, no! It can't be. I never thought one person could be so—" He stopped. He had to be more careful, for Joe was still in the room, grinning foolishly at Angie.

"Joe, would you mind teaching Angie how to collect and make change?" he managed to gulp out. Then, as Joe and Angie left the office, he buried his head in his hands. Why, oh why, did he ever have to get this featherbrain into his store? Why?

To keep Joe, of course. Then he wondered if Joe was worth it. Why, this girl would give away all his profits!

He sat at his desk for nearly an hour. Then, cautiously, he went into the store and to the check-out section. He glanced at Angie's cash drawer and was gratified to see it comfortably filled with money. He breathed a sigh of relief. Well, that was certainly a close one. All it cost him was twenty-five dollars. It was surely worth that much to keep Joe.

But, turning away from the check-outs, he saw a woman leaving, loaded down with two huge bags. Angie's register read only fifty-six cents!

"Angie!" he sputtered. "What did that woman buy that cost only fifty-six cents and had to be put in those two big bags?"

"Oh," she replied, airily, "She had such a lot of things, but it was so hard to add it all up, what with this big crowd behind her, that I just kind of guessed at what it all should cost and I charged her that."

"B-b-but those two big bagfuls —

surely they must have cost more than fifty-six cents?"

"Perhaps," answered Angie, "But," she continued, very righteously, "Prices are too high these days, *much* too high, and I'm only doing my little bit to help out!"

He gave himself a hearty pinch. He wasn't in bed, dreaming. He was still in the store, gazing in horrified fascination as Angie let a man have two sirloin steaks for a dollar.

"Joe!" he called, feebly, as he fumbled his unsteady way toward his office.

THAT wasn't all.

Wandering through the store, later in the day, he noticed a long line of men at Angie's counter. A quick glance at the other counters revealed them to be either empty or frequented only by women. Then his ears caught a voice, a woman's voice.

"Can't you keep your eyes where they belong? We'll never shop in this place again!"

He turned around and saw a middle-aged woman, dragging her husband away from Angie's counter. It was Mrs. Fischer, one of Super Duper's steadiest customers!

He glanced again at Angie—she certainly did stand out like a butterfly in a group of moths.

This must stop, he thought. But how?

At the end of the week, he totalled up the cost of keeping Angie to keep Joe. Approximately a hundred dollars short on the register, due to a lackadaisical method of adding up the slips and making change. Breakage, about seventy-five dollars, including a carton of imported caviar, dropped by one of the stockmen, on the occasion of his first look at Angie.

He noticed that the women shoppers in the store were dropping off. Instead, there were always a number of men around. They would come in, make a minimum purchase, then wait in the long line at Angie's counter. They would engage her in conversation, or, as a few of them often did, ask her for two ten-dollar bills in exchange for a five. She always gave it to them, with a smile. That is, of course, if Mr. Phillips didn't get there in time.

He didn't dare say anything to Angie for fear that she might quit and Joe would leave. Angie's presence, however expensive, provided the insurance against losing Joe. But, as he looked over the sales slips, he figured it was pretty expensive insurance.

He thought, for a while, of having Angie work in the office. Then, when he looked at all the girls, busily working their bookkeeping machines, and the rows and rows of neat figures they turned out, which always balanced, he shuddered and gave up that idea.

He felt a surge of frustration sweep over him. Take it easy now, he told himself, take it easy, you're keeping Joe.

THE B & Q Super Market opened across the street. The opening was marked by the display of a huge banner stating, "CROSS THE STREET AND SAVE!"

But Joe was on his toes. He had an even larger banner made, with the inscription, "WHY BOTHER TO CROSS THE STREET TO SAVE? YOU CAN DO IT RIGHT HERE!"

That did it! That saved the day! Sales went up four percent!

Well, Mr. Phillips thought, maybe it was worth while. But he'd still have to keep an eye on Angie and try to keep her mistakes down to a minimum. Wearily, he returned to his figures.

But his dream of keeping Joe was

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Answers to Quiz
MACLEAN'S HIDE AND SEEK
(See page 42)

- 1, LaSalle; 2, Packard; 3, Buick; 4, Rolls Royce; 5, Chevrolet; 6, Mercury; 7, Cord; 8, Studebaker; 9, Willys; 10, Lincoln Zephyr.

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shattered. Joe came into the office, with a worried look on his face.

"Mr. Phillips," he began, throwing himself down into a chair.

"Yes, Joe?"

"Mr. Phillips, I've been thinking it all over, about Angie and me, that is."

Mr. Phillips' heart gave a sudden jump. Was this love affair at an end? Anxiously, he awaited Joe's next words.

"You see, Angie and I are going to be married soon, and I've been doing an awful lot of checking up." He leaned forward impressively. "Mr. Phillips, do you want to know something?"

Mr. Phillips certainly did want to know something.

"Do you realize eighteen percent of all the divorces in the United States are caused by the fact that the man and wife see each other all day long and get tired of each other?"

Mr. Phillips saw his beautiful plan capsizing, like a paper boat in a strong wind. Joe continued.

"So I've been thinking, Mr. Phillips, it would be a much better idea if Angie were to remain here and I'd go to work over at the B & Q. They called me this morning and told me the manager's job was still open and I could have it. I told them I'd think it over."

This time the paper boat went completely under water.

"Joe," Mr. Phillips begged, "Don't do anything until you check with me. Promise?"

Joe promised, and left the office. Mr. Phillips immediately went into his thinking position.

About two hours later the chair collapsed. As he got to his feet, Mr. Phillips' face wore a beautiful smile, which remained even while he was dislodging his foot from the waste paper basket.

He went over to the front windows of the store and spent a long time watching people entering and leaving the B & Q. Finally, he saw what he was watching for.

His face still wore the beautiful smile as he went out and crossed the street to the drugstore.

Inside, as he expected, he found Mr. Bridges, the owner of the B & Q sitting at the counter and drinking coffee. Mr. Phillips sat down on the next stool, and jovially slapped him on the back.

"Well, look who's here! You old son of a gun, you! What's this I hear about your trying to steal Joe Rivers from me?"

The counterman came over and Mr.

Phillips ordered coffee. Bridges nervously gulped.

"Well, you can't blame a man for trying, can you?"

"No, I guess not. But you'll have to try an awful lot harder to beat old man Phillips to the punch. I'll bet you're still wondering how I managed to keep him?"

"Well, yes," admitted Bridges, "I have been wondering."

"Psychology, that's all? Psychology and using the old bean, that's what it is. Here, have a cigar!" He shoved a cigar into Mr. Bridges' open mouth.

"What do you mean, psychology?" Bridges held the cigar away from himself, daintily.

"Well, I'll tell you, it's like this."

Mr. Phillips lowered his voice and Bridges leaned forward to catch the words. "Joe wants to get married to Angie Davis, and, naturally, like all young fellows, he likes to have her around him all the time. So, what do you think I did?" He lighted his cigar with a flourish and blew a smoke ring into Bridges' eager face.

"What did you do?" coughed Bridges.

"I gave her a job in my store! Yep, that's what I did, I gave her a job in my store!"

He could see a glint appear in Bridges' eyes, and continued. "But don't get your hopes up, Bridges old boy! You see, I'm paying her fifty a week!"

Bridges suddenly became cheerful.

"Boy, that was sure a smart thing to do! Giving her a job like that! Wish I'd thought of it. Any fellow smart enough to think up something like that deserves the breaks! Well, I've got some work to do. I'll see you again, Phillips."

He hurried out of the drugstore just as the counterman came up to Mr. Phillips.

"Hey, that guy didn't pay me for his coffee!"

"That's all right," said Mr. Phillips, tossing a coin on the counter, "The coffee's on me. That guy's going to do me a favor, a very big favor!"

HE LEFT the drugstore and walked back to the Super Duper Market. Through the window he could see Angie making change. He winced as one of the stockmen, his eyes on Angie, walked into a display of jelly, sending countless jars crashing to the floor.

But he remained comparatively cheerful as he went into his office and sat down to await developments.

They were not long in coming. It





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took one hour exactly. Angie came into the office and sat down.

"Mr. Phillips, I've got something I want to talk over with you." Her voice made the lampshade tingle again.

"Certainly, Angie, what is it?"

"Well, it's like this. Mr. Bridges from the B & Q came in and offered me a job in his store. And he wants to give me almost twice what I'm making here."

"Hmmm. Have you talked this over with Joe?"

"Yes, I have, and Joe thinks I should take it. He says I won't make anywhere near that amount here, and it would give us security in case of a depression or something. And we thought, too, it's not such a good idea for a husband and wife to be working in the same place."

"Hmmm. Well, you know, we'll—he choke, "miss you here."

"I know. That's why I didn't want to do anything without talking to you about it first, Mr. Phillips. After all, you were kind enough to hire me in the first place."

Mr. Phillips sighed deeply. He must be careful not to overplay his hand.

"Well, Angie, we here at Super Duper like to keep our employees, especially when they're doing as well—" again he choked on the words, but continued bravely, "That is, doing as—er—efficiently—" and he gave up entirely. "What I mean is, we won't stand in the way of any of our employees bettering themselves. Yes, you go right ahead and work for Bridges. In fact, I'll even give you the rest of the week off with full pay so that you'll be rested and fresh when you start working for B & Q.

He heaved a tremendous sigh of relief as Angie stood up.

"Gee, thanks an awful lot, Mr. Phillips. You don't know how much I appreciate this."

They shook hands and Mr. Phillips closed his eyes in anticipation of the whistles he would hear as she walked through the store. They came.

MR. PHILLIPS slept well and late that night. The next morning he got to the store long after it had opened and all the deliveries were made. He checked out in the stock room for a minute, then went out into the store.

A sense of well-being came over him. The women, pushing the carts, were moving with the efficiency of a huge armored division. General Eisenhower couldn't have done any better. Scurrying back and forth were the stockmen, carrying cartons and packages. From different parts of the store, he could hear Joe's huge voice, issuing orders to fill up various shelves. The cash registers were singing a merry tune of plenty. He saw the higher priced coffee, being grabbed by frantic hands as the carts rolled, apparently under their own power, in front of it. Good old Joe!

He found Joe and brought him into the stock room. He led him over to a long package, wrapped in canvas. Joe was curious.

"What is it, Mr. Phillips?"

"Go ahead, Joe, open it."

Joe fumbled with the string and pulled the coverings off. For a moment he stood there and stared at the object. A tear of gratitude welled in his eye.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Phillips. You don't know how happy this makes Angie and me. She'll be able to see it from across the street."

Together, they stood and gazed at the brilliantly colored electric sign:

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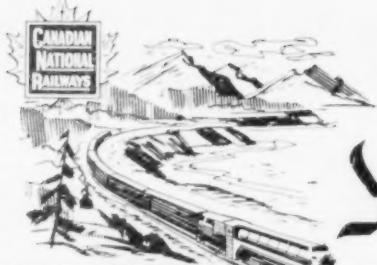
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Tobacco Town

Continued from page 21

Delhi. Last year Canada grew one hundred and twenty million pounds of tobacco. Twelve million pounds were burley, black, cigar-leaf or cigar-filler tobaccos, cured in air; the rest was flue-cured (cured by artificial heat). About fifty-five percent of this flue-cured crop is grown within a twelve-mile radius of Delhi on hundreds of tobacco farms, where tall red-and-green flues, or kilns, stand like sentinels beside fragile greenhouses.

The huge Imperial Tobacco Company plant at Delhi was built in 1929 and later enlarged as the industry expanded and the farms increased their production. The town has no other major industries; this is probably caused in part by the fact that most employers can't match tobacco wages. In harvest time a tobacco hand can earn up to one hundred dollars a week.

Tobacco has turned paupers into prosperous businessmen. Young Mike De Vos came from Belgium in 1935, sweated in the tobacco fields for ten years. Today he owns his own farm and two hotels. One Delhi farmer bought his place twenty years ago for three thousand dollars; last winter he turned down an offer of fifty thousand for it.

Michel Demaiter, a Belgian, trudged into the Delhi district in 1928 with few belongings but a great capacity for work. Today he owns several hundred acres of tobacco land and is a director on the Ontario Flue-Cured Tobacco Marketing Association.

Menu: Four Hundred Chickens

Time and again this has happened in Delhi. It annoys some native Canadians but most Delhi folk admire the New Canadians' success.

"Some of them come to Delhi without a penny," says one citizen. "They hire out to a tobacco farmer and disappear for four or five years. Now and then they drop into town for groceries — maybe some bread and bologna. And by the end of five years they drive into town with a new car and buy themselves a new house."

"We're a sort of United Nations," grins A. (Zeke) Van Goethe, a native Hollander and grocer whose store windows bulge with imported *gouda* cheeses, spicy *Kruidkook* cakes, *De Beukelaere* biscuits and *Puddingpoeder met Suiker*. Down the street Andrew Hertel, a Hungarian merchant, features paprika and poppy seed on his shelves. One Delhi restaurant is named Flanders and another specializes in hot-chili *gulyas*, Hungarian sausage and goulash.

Garden beds of Brussels sprouts snuggle against Delhi homes while odors of stuffed cabbage rolls and *sauerkraut* drift from the kitchens. And tobacco farming raises big appetites. When the Hungarians opened their national hall in 1949 guests sat down to a snack of four hundred chickens, six hundred pounds of pork chops and six hundred pounds of veal chops.

The national halls are part of the Delhi personality. No other Canadian community of comparable size has such an assortment. There's a Hungarian hall, a German hall, a Belgian hall and a Ukrainian hall. Every night there's a dance, social or wedding in one or more halls.

Somehow these various segments of population manage to blend. "We have our differences," admits Cornell Ebersz, a young Hungarian with a law degree who sells underwear and rubbers behind the Varnai and Ebersz dry-

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goods counter. "But we are joined by one thing—a chance to build a new life."

Europeans like Ebersz are a recent acquisition, flocking to Delhi only in the last twenty-five years. The original community of a hundred years ago was a straggling lumber centre called Fredericksburg. Late in the 19th century the name was changed to Delhi, to the delight of postal authorities who had always been bothered by the strange spellings applied to cumbersome Fredericksburg. Then last year some photos of Mahatma Gandhi, somehow sidetracked from Delhi, India, to Delhi, Ont., showed up in the town mail. The post-office people rerouted them and wistfully recalled that nothing like that ever happened in Fredericksburg.

From lumbering, Delhi turned to fruit growing and canning, but without much success. The sandy soil produced poor crops until 1922, when E. C. Jones, now a Delhi lawyer, grew ten acres of tobacco for the Dominion Experimental Farm Service. In 1923 Jones, with Henry Freeman, produced one of the first successful commercial tobacco crops in the district. Others followed and by 1929 most of the land was being converted to tobacco and outsiders were arriving to get in on the new big-money crop. In the late Thirties the town fathers recognized tobacco's influence on Delhi's fortunes and added two tobacco leaves to the town's crest.

Among the first Europeans to arrive was Frank Banabes, a dark lean Hungarian from Europe's tobacco belt, who planted his first crop in Delhi in 1928. Three years later he went back to Hungary to teach his countrymen how to grow Virginia tobacco. By 1947 he was under-secretary of state for the Hungarian treasury and general manager of the government-controlled tobacco industry. When the Communists took over the country he refused to join the party. Sent to North America on a government tobacco mission, he seized the chance to resign and return to Delhi.

Now, on a seventy-thousand-dollar farm just outside Delhi, he has a large modern home and an expensive library. "But I'm just another guy who grows tobacco," he says, his new-world slang comfortably adjusted to his old-country accent.

Other Europeans brought similarly rich personal histories to Delhi. In 1948 a thirty-year-old Hungarian named Leslie Meszaros came in from one of the tobacco farms to try out for the Delhi hockey team. He had played on the 1938 Hungarian Olympic team and the local boys were happy to welcome him. Later they learned he was also an accomplished painter and a graduate lawyer.

Harvest Is Headache Time

Last year two young Europeans named George Leitch and Stanley Pietszak launched Delhi's first tanning business. Before the Second World War they had been travelers for tanning firms on the Continent and had met frequently on their tours. During the war Pietszak, a Pole, wound up in a Nazi concentration camp. Leitch, a German, learned of his plight and after VE-Day helped speed his liberation. Later Pietszak came to Canada and last year he helped bring Leitch from Germany.

Tobacco farmers from the southern United States also have settled quietly in the Delhi district, and Virginia and Carolina drawls are familiar among the town's many accents. Delhi has found the southerners quiet amiable citizens except when they're provoked. Once

during the late-July early-August harvest season a group of unruly laborers went to town looking for trouble. In a street scuffle one fixed his teeth into the arm of a hefty Virginian, an ex-marine. The Virginian knocked him out with one punch. "Anybody eats mah meat has to pay fo' it," he said.

Most of the headaches, excitement and rewards of tobacco growing culminate in the harvest season when Delhi attracts transients from all over Canada. The population swells to four or five thousand almost overnight. Bums, prostitutes and confidence men drift into town, along with legitimate workers—high-school and college students and seasonal laborers—lured by high tobacco wages. They block the streets, camp in parks, sleep on private lawns and beg at the doors.

"They'd sleep in your car if you didn't lock it," said one citizen. Delhi men travel in pairs for protection against rowdies and Delhi girls stay indoors.

Only once, however, was there serious trouble. In 1949 police and firemen broke up a street riot with night sticks and fire hoses and arrested sixteen transients. There was no recurrence last year. At nearby Simcoe a citizens' committee on transient labor turned a fairground building into a shelter to ease the problem of accommodation for workers. With that settled, farmers figured their policy of inviting reliable workers back year after year would keep things quiet.

A New Wife and Razor

Before the Second World War the situation was more acute. In 1939 ten thousand ragged wanderers plodded, hitch-hiked or rode the rods into Delhi. Mild-mannered Father John Uyen, the priest of Delhi's Roman Catholic church, conducted a breadline from his front door, doling out bread and bologna to as many as eight hundred hungry transients a day.

Some of his "guests" are prosperous farmers today. When the feverish rush of tobacco-picking time is over, many transients stay on to work and eventually buy farms of their own.

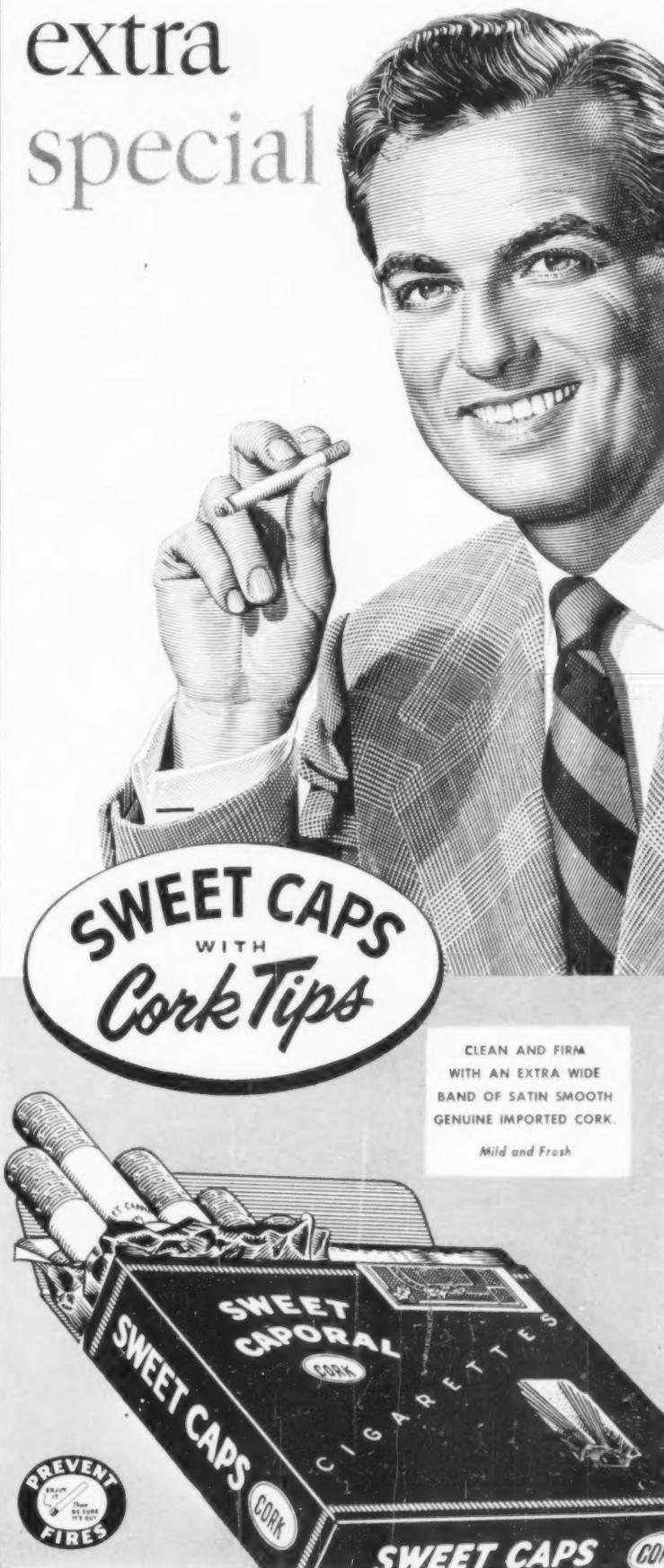
During and immediately after the harvest the important curing process comes. Tobacco is highly temperamental. Once the leaves are picked they are rushed into the kilns and hung from wall-to-wall sticks. The whole kiln must be filled in one day's operation, because once the oil, coal or wood stoves are lit for the curing heat, the kiln cannot be opened again. The bright green leaves turn yellow under the watchful eye of experts from the southern U. S. A mistake of a few degrees heat can ruin the whole kiln.

The twenty-three-member Ontario Flue-Cured Tobacco Marketing Association, representing growers and buyers, regulates tobacco acreage on each farm and sets growing regulations and tobacco prices each year. Farmers don't have to join the association but most of them do. It practically guarantees that buyers will purchase their crop. Free-lance farmers run the risk of being bypassed by the tobacco buyers, particularly if the demand for tobacco is low.

To encourage crop rotation and control production the association doesn't permit more than forty-five percent of any member's farm to be sown to tobacco in a year, although this was relaxed this year to meet a heavier demand.

The average Delhi farm has about forty acres in tobacco and, barring the many misfortunes which can befall a crop, it may produce forty-eight thousand pounds of tobacco, which will sell for about forty-four cents a pound

something
extra
special



(some buyers may bid fifty cents for choice tobacco). This means a gross revenue of roughly twenty-one thousand dollars, but it's not all profit. The farmer's costs, which cover his own labor and other help, upkeep of home and garden, depreciation on kilns and greenhouse, run between thirty-three and thirty-five cents a pound. Thus the average tobacco man stands to clear about five thousand dollars on a year's operations.

Some, of course, do considerably better than that. Max Watters, one of Delhi's three bankers, says: "I know a man who came here in 1928 with a brand-new wife, a safety razor and that's all. Today he is worth two hundred thousand dollars."

Quite a few of Delhi's farmers slip off to Florida when their harvest is cured and sold; some visit their old hometowns in Europe. But they have to be back well before spring to steam up their greenhouses, plant seeds and have the best seedlings in the ground by May. Each year a thousand pounds of fertilizer is worked into every acre. After transplanting, the farmer then has to worry about frost, hail, drought, mold, half-a-dozen types of insect pest, the price of tobacco and keeping his crop cultivated until harvest time.

Most Have Switched to English

But the summer is not all work and worry in Delhi. Crowds pack the cycle arena Saturday nights or Sunday afternoons to watch riders spin at forty-five miles an hour around a portable track—the first of its kind in North America. The track was invented by thirty-two-year-old Albert Schelstraete, a former Belgian professional rider. Delhi's Belgians are the town's most ardent bike fans.

A three-day Ukrainian wedding in one of the national halls sometimes is more grueling than a bike marathon. Merrymakers eat, drink, dance, rest and then start all over again. The halls also are usually busy with banquets, socials, masquerades, concerts and dances. Canadian-American sports such as baseball, hockey and lacrosse aren't popular with sports fans of foreign extraction in Delhi.

Each of the national halls costs about eighty thousand dollars. They are built by the various groups of New Canadians by forming companies and selling shares, borrowing from a bank and conducting fund drives. The German hall has bowling alleys, billiard tables, a vast main hall, even a room for infants and baby-sitters.

Bilingual ability is common in Delhi and almost essential in business. Leslie Lasko started an electrical-appliance shop with a couple of washing machines and a knowledge of Hungarian and English. He now has a flourishing showroom. Recently a customer who spoke only Hungarian placed an order with the English-language Delhi News-Record to print an ad in both French and Belgian.

The Delhi phone book abounds with names like Bouckhuyt, Degrieck, Godelie, Plancke, Rottaert, Szorenzi, Vazdepoele, Verschoore and Vanwynsberghe. But chief operator Iva Kelner, who's been coping with language difficulties for thirty years, says, "They are very patient and we are too."

Most Delhi newcomers have learned English, although few have gone as far as Edmund Verhaeghe, a Belgian who hired out to a farmer and sat down each evening with the farmer's children when they did their homework. He soon learned to speak, read and write English and today he's chairman of the Delhi Separate School Board.

Rita Kleinberg came from Latvia two years ago and entered grade seven in Delhi public school. Now sixteen-year-old Rita is in high school, her few words of broken English have grown into a wide vocabulary and her marks average in the high eighties.

Teachers and inspectors in the Delhi district say most of the foreign-born youngsters are good students. They also do their share of work in the field during the tobacco season, helping their parents to improve the land with money which would otherwise be spent on outside labor. Few families have large bank accounts: too often they saw their currency melt away in Europe's economic and military crises. So now their constantly improved farms are their investments.

"Our money goes into things a war won't destroy in a day," said one farmer. "Land, homes, automobiles."

Their faith in Delhi appears justified. Bankers in the district agree that the tobacco economy is sound. Conservation is practiced conscientiously by most farmers, government research is improving tobacco strains, the area is naturally suitable to the crop and the farmers are industrious.

This year Ontario planted one hundred and six thousand acres of tobacco for flue curing: eight thousand more than ever before. To Delhi that means more hard cash—but nobody's likely to get giddy about it. Delhi's roots are planted firmly. ★



Mary Pickford's Amazing Mother

Continued from page 13

Charlotte could pull out of a show or two and become manager of the prodigy.

The future Mary Pickford was a short agile strong kid with big blue eyes, dimples and gorgeous yellow curls. She caught eyes. She "carried" to the back row of the gallery. She suggested Little Eva, Rebecca of Sunnymoor Farm and the tear-jerking tales in popular storybooks and plays.

Charlotte grasped the meaning of their new fortunes. In 1901 she took Gladys with a touring road company and they played on the road for five years. In Elizabeth, N.J., in 1906 Charlotte packed Gladys' hamper and ferried her across the river to Broadway. The widow selected producer-playwright-director David Belasco as

DATE LINES

I'm suddenly reminded of

The fact that time leaves traces,
When folks I used to know show up
In unexpected faces.

—Caroline Clark

her target. When Belasco arrived at his office he had to pass what looked like a picket line of yellow-haired tots, all of them consisting of the rapid Gladys. He eluded the tot until the day he was casting The Warrens of Virginia. Gladys got up a burst of speed and broke past the doorman to the stage. The doorman pursued her while Gladys mugged toward Belasco, exhibiting her range of emotions while she had the producer's astonished eye. Belasco dismissed the guard, changed the child's name to Mary Pickford, and for seven years used her in his historical romances.

When Mary was fifteen she was a full-grown five feet tall. She was preserved, as if in amber, in the unvarying effigy of the innocent plucky child which she was to play for twenty years for twenty million dollars. Belasco had taught Mary all she would ever need. Charlotte was ready to move on. She took Mary down to Union Square, where strange men were manufacturing photoplays in loft buildings. There a stage actor could pick up five to ten dollars for an easy exercise before his evening performance.

She Stole Their Hearts

Film acting was not considered respectable by theatre people, but this bothered Charlotte not at all. She took Mary to a lean long-jawed gallant named David Wark, who was single-handedly turning out four or five one-reel films a month.

His legal name was David Wark Griffith. His later film masterpieces, The Birth of a Nation and Intolerance, today stand as the pioneering pinnacles of American movies. On the day in 1908 that Charlotte and Mary came to him, Griffith had an idea for a one-reeler in which he could use Mary. Charlotte agreed on five dollars for the job. The Lonely Villa was a maudlin sketch about burglars who try to break into a house occupied by a mother and three children, while father hurries

home to save them. Mary played the eldest child, in white cotton stockings.

The Lonely Villa, one of thousands of primitive one-reelers, is valued today as a milestone in movie history, not because it was Mary Pickford's film debut, but for a revolutionary leap in film technique by Griffith. He did not film his little piece in chronological stage fashion, but cut and assembled his footage to shuttle between the burglars, the family and the father, successively shortening the three elements toward a pulse-hammering climactic rescue. Griffith had introduced the editing principle, the bedrock of contemporary movie making.

The audiences who saw the Lonely Villa were taken by the yellow-haired child actress. A few intellectuals recognized the epochal technique and wondered who made the film. Charlotte got Griffith up to twenty dollars a picture. As new Pickford films appeared the nickelodeon audience, consisting mainly of poor immigrants, gave their hearts to the golden-haired girl. The film stories were of an idealized poverty that Charlotte and Mary had known in a less ideal form in real life.

This year sees the fortieth anniversary of the movie-star system. Mary Pickford was the first movie star. In the early days movie producers called themselves "manufacturers" and their studios were known as "factories." When Mary broke in no performer had ever had his name on the marquee, in an advertisement, in a fan paper or on the screen. Actors and directors were as anonymous as so many grains of oats in a box of breakfast food.

The star system began with Mary because people wanted to know the identity of the "girl with the golden curls." A pioneer manufacturer of Pickford films, Carl Laemmle, decided after several conferences with Charlotte that he could make more money if he revealed Mary's name. It was a sound decision and raised Laemmle in money and prestige.

A War for Film Control

Five years after Charlotte accepted her first five dollars from Griffith the ante had been raised to a thousand dollars a week. Two years later, in 1915, Charlotte had a contract for two thousand a week, plus half of the net profits of Mary's films. In 1917 she hit ten thousand a week, plus fifty percent of the profits. When Mary was twenty-five Charlotte had managed her into ownership of her studio and over a million dollars a year. The peak came a few years later when Mary netted more than a million a picture.

The first time Mary's name appeared in print came in 1911 after she had been a public favorite for three years. Newspapers reported her elopement in Jersey City with actor Owen Moore. Mary ducked Charlotte, got married and took a boat for Cuba, where she and Moore were engaged to make a film for an independent manufacturer defying the movie trust. The mother pursued them in a tugboat hired by a corporation called the Motion Picture Patents Company, which loaded it down with process servers to catch both the runaway pair and the Cuban film company. In proper scenario fashion the lovers escaped. Mary and Charlotte had been caught up in the gang wars then raging in the film industry.

The Motion Picture Patents Company was attempting to control the film business. But the small pitchmen and exhibitors fought back without quarter and won. The war helped found Hollywood, which began as a convenient place from which the pat-

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ent-jumpers could lam out for Mexico.

After Mary's return from Cuba Charlotte forgave the elopement and joined her in Hollywood in 1911. Owen Moore had enjoyed an overly convivial honeymoon. Mary tried hard to make the marriage work but Owen was said to be jealous of his wife's fame. Once when Mary came downstairs in a new party frock he cried, "You look like something on top of a birthday cake."

Mary's marriage was unhappy but it did not interfere with the Pickford business operations. Charlotte had discovered early that the world was full of rough people and she later found that manufacturers of sentimental movies were among the roughest. The Pickfords walked demurely into the middle of the industrial war and skillfully played one faction against the other, always flourishing the trump — Mary's fantastic hold on the public. The keen robust widow and her five-foot daughter with the golden curls were holy terrors in a business conference. Mary was playing child parts with the same audience appeal Shirley Temple had later, but when Charlotte took Little Mary into a business conference the child's mittens were lined with bricks.

Still with Griffith in 1911, Mary starred with Lionel Barrymore in *The New York Hat*, another famous movie first. It was the first film with a true scenario, sold to Griffith for fifteen dollars by a high-school girl named Anita Loos, who was later to write *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

In 1915 Charlotte switched Mary from Griffith to Adolph Zukor of Famous Players for a thousand dollars a week. Griffith was outraged. He cried that he had made Mary Pickford and Mary would vanish now that she had left Svengali. He said he would make Mae Marsh bigger than Mary. Mary was hired by Zukor to make one-reel B pictures. He wanted her as a solid box-office attraction to anchor his Famous Player films. One day Charlotte overheard a Zukor salesman remarking, "As long as we have Pickford we can make the exhibitors take everything."

Fast Money for Mary

This unfortunate slip cost Zukor two thousand a week and half the proceeds of Mary's films. Zukor was helpless but not inconsolable. Mary's ten films a year cost ten thousand apiece to produce; her salary was one hundred and four thousand and Famous Players grossed two millions from them. After paying the Pickfords nine hundred and forty-three thousand Zukor was left with roughly the same amount.

Charlotte did not stand still even after she made the Pickfords millionaires. The manufacturers were still making almost as much as Little Mary and this needed correction. Also she noted that Charlie Chaplin was becoming as great a craze as Mary and had indeed surpassed her in money-making. The Pickford ladies marched in and demanded seven thousand a week, plus the traditional fifty percent of the profits. The widow's gambit this time was a threat to form her own company. This skirmish ended with Zukor setting up a corporation known as Artcraft and paying Mary ten thousand a week. (Zukor said some years later: "Mary Pickford is the best businessman in Hollywood.") Artcraft also began producing films starring a breezy grinning actor named Douglas Fairbanks.

The gold rush was on. The early subpoena jumpers, muzzlers and pitchmen had been thinned out in the tribal wars. Movie palaces had supplanted the nickelodeon. Griffith had produced

that astonishing giant, *The Birth of a Nation*, which grossed around fifty millions. World War One ruined the adolescent European movie industry and left the U. S. film manufacturers in almost sole command of the field. When Mary's pictures played on the silver screen the projector gates, clicking at a steady twenty-four frames a second, seemed to mint a dollar a click.

She separated finally from Owen Moore in 1917. That year she and Doug Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin went on a tour which sold three hundred million dollars worth of war bonds. Gossips talked of an affair between Mary and Doug. Fairbanks made a stalwart defense of Mary's honor in an interview in which he declared the rumors were "German lies" planted by the Boche to undermine Doug's war effort. Doug's wife, Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks, said in an interview, "The gossip has foundation in fact."

Now the Pickfords were publicly challenging the movie-star machine — the unique technique by which the studio exploits an actor's private life as a profitable extension of his acting work. Until 1920 the machine did not allow divorce; the taboo was so strong that no prominent actor had defied it. In addition the Pickfords were Roman Catholics. Douglas Fairbanks, a Protestant of Jewish antecedents, was also unhappily married.

In Europe They Were Cheered

In 1918 Mrs. Fairbanks divorced Doug, naming "other women, especially one." In 1920 Charlotte and Mary quietly bought a house in Nevada and one day a poorly dressed woman named Gladys Smith Moore appeared with her mother in divorce court in the small town of Minden. The judge granted a quick divorce. Mary and Charlotte returned to Hollywood in the midst of a vast newspaper clatter. The papers claimed that an idol lay shattered in millions of homes. Charlotte and Mary held an interview in which Mary said, "I have no intention of marrying again." A week later she married Fairbanks in a private ceremony to which neither the Press nor Charlotte were invited.

The second affront to the star machine was critical. Nevada politicians threatened to set aside the Moore divorce. The pastor who had married the pair narrowly escaped being defrocked. Mary collapsed on the set of her current movie. The newlyweds fled to Europe, where they were cheered by thousands. When they got back to Hollywood after six weeks the Nevada officials were still glowering and the papers were not above asking, in view of the possible reversal of the divorce, what would happen "if there was a little Fairbanks"? Mary and Doug went to Europe again. Charlie Chaplin, with whom they had helped form United Artists, was visiting his native England; everywhere the three movie idols moved in triumph. The British Press invited the trio to stay and work in Britain. Mary and Doug were known as "the king and queen of the movies" in an almost real sense. Mary refused England's Prince George a dance, saying firmly, "I never dance with anyone but my husband." She was determined to make the hard-won marriage an eternal happy ending.

In America the fans upheld Little Mary against the star machine. The Fairbanks had a happy return to Hollywood, which was soon gaping at the doings in their palace, Pickfair. This twenty-six-room dwelling in Beverly Hills is architecturally a marriage of the Swiss chalet and stucco-bungalow styles. It is surrounded by

striped awnings, a pickle-shaped swimming pool and shrubs. To the palace came the great and noble—the Dukes of Alba and Sutherland, the Duchess of Sermonetta, Calvin Coolidge and the King of Siam. One of Pickfair's blooded guests showed up with seventeen servants. Mary had fourteen of her own so she asked neighbor Chaplin to bunk the overflow.

A Tot in her Thirties

The cook at Pickfair had standing orders for dinner for fifteen. As the titled transients filed in Fairbanks was likely to enter on the fly through a window, followed by a snarl of playmates—gym trainers, stunt men and court fools. He specialized in wiring chairs for electric shock and crawling under the table to administer the hot foot. No intoxicants were served at Pickfair unless a guest made a parched outcry. Since the royal pair were actually working actors who got up at 6 a.m., the ceremonial dismissal of the court came at 10 p.m. when a queue of butlers entered with hot Ovaltine.

Charlotte exiled herself from Pickfair and plunged into making stars out of Jack and Lottie Pickford. The sister abandoned her career and married a non-professional with whom she had two children. Charlotte adopted Lottie's baby girl and gave her the professional name of Little Mary Pickford. The widow sharpened up her talents as an entrepreneur and bravely assaulted the manufacturers to make another star, but Mary No. 2 proved to be redundant. Jack had a modest comedy talent in the bashful-boy-type role. He defied Charlotte to marry the beautiful Broadway star Marilyn Miller and faded out of films. Jack, Lottie and Marilyn Miller died while still young.

Mary, now in her thirties, still reigned as a golden-haired tot. In 1924 she lost a million dollars on a dress-up lady picture, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, to be reminded that she could not grow up. Charlotte read the ledgers and Mary's next film was Little Annie Rooney, a return to the ragged-little-girl role. It went over big. At thirty-four she made a teen-age romance, My Best Girl, in which, as a ten-cent-store girl, she fell in love with the boss' son. ★

The juvenile was played by Buddy Rogers, a saxophone player from Olathe, Kan.

In 1925, Charlotte, the star-maker, heard the dread word "cancer" from her doctor. Mary and Doug took her to Europe for a gay holiday, but the trio could not hide from each other two bitter realities: Charlotte was dying and the perfect marriage was on the rocks.

Mrs. John Smith died in 1928. She was the greatest of star-makers. She left a million and a half dollars to Mary and trust funds for Lottie's children. Charlotte had won every battle except the one for her children's happiness.

In 1929 Mary bobbed her hair and made another attempt at a sophisticated role in the talkie Coquette. It made money and the surprised critics admitted that Mary could act. She won an Oscar, a new award established the year before. The climax of her career came that year when she and Doug appeared together for the first time in The Taming of the Shrew, "By William Shakespeare with additional dialogue by Sam Taylor." The picture flopped and from then on the royal marriage waned. They were divorced in 1935. That was the professional curtain for Mary.

Her Home Was Expensive

She married Buddy Rogers in 1937 and turned to other enterprises. She made money in miniature golf but lost on a flier in cosmetics. She signed her name to a book Why Not Try God? and said she would like to be a Congresswoman. But she never ran for office.

In 1938 Mary tried to buy her birthplace, the ramshackle brick house in Toronto, to open a tearoom which would give its profits to the Hospital for Sick Children. By this time that particular block on University Avenue had become a valuable real-estate parcel and the owners demanded two hundred thousand dollars. Mary indignantly refused. In due course the house was torn down.

With its disappearance went the last trace in Canada of Charlotte Smith, the widow who made her child the most famous actress in the world. ★



"Grogan hasn't worked a day in nine months."

"Hollywood won't show my favorite scenes!"



says JANE RUSSELL, starring in
"HIS KIND OF WOMAN"
an RKO RADIO PICTURE

"I'm always cast in exotic roles, so no one sees me in settings I like best... at the bowling alley and golf course. These sports are harsh on my hands."



And hours of badminton leave my skin parched...

But Jergens Lotion softens my hands and face...

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I've Quit the City

Continued from page 19

braking system goes on, the passengers are saved, his body is removed, and a new guy is put on.

I sat there praying while thirty tons of steel and humanity ground to a stop amid flying sand, ringing bells, and flashing lights, as if I'd hit the free-game peg on a pinball machine. When I opened my eyes the old gent was still crossing the street, smiling peacefully, a smudge of dust on his coat from the side of my car. He didn't even look around.

I got out, trembling like a captured antelope, crossed to the sidewalk, wound his tie around my fist, and heard myself yelling in a voice I didn't recognize: "You fatheaded old goat! You've never been closer to death than you were out there on the street a second ago." I pulled his tie tighter and squeaked, "But even then you weren't as close to death as you are right now!"

The city is so full of people and they're all in such a hurry and so nearly dead from exhaustion and general apathy that somebody's always bound to be bumping into somebody else and, if a streetcar is involved, the operator spends the night making out a report in triplicate. The next morning he reports to the divisional superintendent, shaved, shined, shaking and sure his run money is in his pocket. The divisional superintendent is a good guy who has bumped plenty of things himself, but who has an almost impossible job to do, keeping city people moving smoothly from place to place.

"What's this about an accident?" he says.

"Well, sir, I didn't see him."

"You're supposed to see him."

"But I put the brakes on as soon as I saw him."

"You're supposed to put them on before you see him."

Mamma at the Hydrant

While people asked for change, asked for transfers, forgot to give me their transfers, dropped their transfers, and said they wanted off at the last stop, and I tried to eat my lunch, other people who had tried to drink enough to forget that instead of living peacefully in a vine-covered cottage they lived in an NHA bungalow covered with mortgages, floundered around me, fell on me, and occasionally belted me from behind. Every time I put on the brakes after midnight I found a drunk hanging over my shoulder, peering up at me upside down like a dentist examining an upper molar, and waving and saying "Hiya pal."

One time a thin pale little kid came up and asked me if I'd help him get Mamma off the car. Mamma, a sleazy blonde, was grinning up in the general direction of my right ear, and was so full of bingo she thought she was Elizabeth Taylor. We got her off and stretched her out tastefully with her head against a hydrant. There was nothing else I could do. All there was for the little boy to do was to grow up. I got back in the car and drove away wondering whether I'd slit my throat that night or wait till I'd had my breakfast.

But I got a break. The next day I overheard a lean, brown, healthy, happy-looking passenger tell a friend that he was running a summer resort. He said, "I see people at their best: when they're in the country. Everybody's happy: we all have a wonderful time."

I suddenly saw the whole thing clearly. There was nothing wrong with

people, unless you packed them into a city, sprayed them with exhaust fumes, battened them down with plastic, made them sore about the cost of importing steaks into the city and shoved them through a lot of revolving doors. It wasn't the people that were wrong. It was the city. Somewhere along the line the city had quit working for mankind and started making things tough for him. I figured the way out was to get back to the land.

I was right.

Building up Lona Lodge was no pushover. But I've been living while making a living. I have time to live. Too much of a city dweller's time is spent just straightening out the snarl he created when he got away from the land. All that time I have extra. Before I even get out of bed in the morning I've paid for my roof, my food and my clothing, just by not living in the city.

Let's start with food. In the city people are working themselves into breakdowns just trying to pay for things to eat. Take milk, for instance. Everybody makes money on milk but the cow. People in cities like Toronto have been cut off from nature by buildings, wires, dust and subway engineers for so long that I think if some city guys met a cow face to face they would have a hard time identifying it. But milk with me is just something between me and a black cow named Beauty, who has a troublesome curiosity but otherwise is a charming creature who follows the guests around our place like a dog. Beauty and I have an agreement. I fork hay in to her in the winter; she feeds herself all summer. And she gives me 15 quarts a day on an average for nine months. All I do is pull the faucets night and morning. I make my own butter from her milk. Good butter.

The surplus milk from Beauty I use to feed my pigs. I butcher them myself into bacon, hams, shoulders and butts, and cure and smoke them according to my own recipes.

I grow all the vegetables I can use—potatoes, corn, onions, carrots, strawberries, raspberries; and there are enough wild berries near my place to feed a regiment. I catch my own pan-fish: perch, catfish, sunfish in the spring; bass, pickerel and lake trout after the legal season on game-fish opens. We've taken fourteen-pound pickerel and six-pound bass from the lake a minute's walk from our door.

Eggs are something else about which I've worked out a deal directly with the hens. I have fifty-five hens. They take very little care. I feed and water them twice a day, which takes me no more than ten minutes altogether. Apart from that I forget about them. But they don't forget about me. They give me thirty to forty eggs a day in the laying season. And what eggs! My family uses about fifteen a day; we keep and sell the rest. In the summer we have plenty of fresh eggs for our thirty-eight guests. Besides the hens I have fifty roosters. We have chicken every Sunday.

So my food bill comes to very little. I figure that when I was in the city I used to spend about thirty percent of my time working for my food. Now I spend about ten percent of it, if that.

But the food is only one of the things I save money on. There's clothing, for instance. I wear shorts all summer long and in the winter I wear sweaters and blue jeans, \$3.49 a pair, f.o.b. McKellar, Ont. You don't have to worry about the proper drape of a suit when you're in the bush cutting timber, fishing through the ice, snowshoeing, skiing or hunting.

I don't think of Toronto often, but when I do, I sit there with a blade

of grass between my teeth laughing. And one of the things I laugh at is the cost of houses. If I want to build I make my own cement blocks. I can make them for six cents each. They cost about twenty-eight cents each in Toronto. I could build a six-room solid block bungalow with a basement, stucco outside, lath and plaster finish, with a modern three-piece bath, a septic tank, twenty-year roof, rock-wool insulation, a modern heating and plumbing system, wire the whole place and throw a stone fireplace in for good measure, all for twenty-five hundred dollars. I'll prove it to anyone who wants to take me up on it. I'm now living in a five-room house with a field-stone foundation, cove siding, and full insulation, on two hundred and seventy acres of countryside that's among the most spectacularly beautiful in the world. Yet my semi-detached house in Toronto, where I was so close to my neighbor that I could sit eating my breakfast in the morning and watch how his ulcers were coming along, sold for about eight thousand dollars!

In the city, every time I opened the newspaper, somebody had put up the price of coal again. Nobody's ever going to hike the cost of my fuel except myself. And if I do that I profit all round anyway, because I'm both the employer and employee. Two men, working two days with our buzzing equipment, which cost two hundred and fifty dollars, can provide us with fuel for a year.

I spend a lot less on entertainment. Up here you entertain yourself, and you'd be surprised at how much fun you can have. Right now I'm taking a part in a play as a city slicker who does some country girl wrong. It's kind of hard to get into the part, because I know from experience that the only harm a city slicker does is to himself, his arches, lungs and disposition—any healthy country girl could outrun him, in a breeze.

Another thing, cities were designed partly so people could live close to-

gether and feel sorry for the poor country people who had to drive miles to see one another. Yet when I lived in Toronto my nearest friends were fourteen miles off through traffic lights as thick as jungle creepers. Now I can walk to my neighbors in a few minutes, drive to any of them in no more than twenty. The country isn't as lonely a place as the city.

But the most important thing is I see people away from the city, smiling, enjoying themselves and behaving like human beings. I've had lots of people at Lona Lodge that I recognized from seeing them on the streetcars, but the funniest meeting took place last summer.

I was out pickerel fishing with a guest, a lawyer from Toronto, when he looked at me and said, "You know I've been trying to remember you. Now I've placed you. You were a motorman on the Bloor Street line." I recognized him, then, but we both knew something was wrong. I think we both got it at the same time. We'd fought for fifteen minutes one day, him insisting that I let him off the front door, yelling that he was a lawyer and knew his rights and wouldn't be on the damned TTC if his car weren't being fixed; me yelling that because he was a lawyer he couldn't get away with everything and he'd get off in the middle like all the poor people. I think I had to open the door for some passengers and he slipped off. Out there in the boat we eyed one another a second, then both burst out laughing. We nearly upset the boat. When we were finished he put the whole thing in a nutshell.

"You know," he said, "I don't suppose I really minded what door I got off. But I'd missed breakfast that morning. I'd been working hard, and I'd just got a bad report from the garage about my car, and I felt like hell."

That, if you ask me, is the way the city makes a guy feel most of the time. It's why I'm never going back. ★

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY



MACLEAN'S

By Peter Whalley

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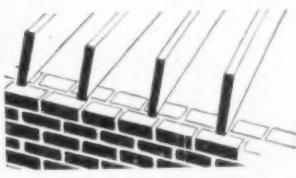
Your Enduring Home

Here are some of the 72 building hints in our handy new reference book "How to Build a Better Home". We sincerely hope they will help you to get the most out of the biggest investment you may ever make.

59. Ground floor joists are usually 2 by 10's spaced on 16 in. centres. Cross-bridging at 8 ft. intervals will prevent springiness. Steel I-beam is recommended for intermediate support between foundation walls. It may rest on 4 in. diameter pipe columns (with $\frac{1}{4}$ in. plates welded top and bottom), 12 in. masonry columns, or 10 in. sq. poured concrete columns. In any case, each column must have its own footing.



61. Joists set in a solid masonry wall have bevelled ends to avoid damaging the wall should they collapse. Brick walls should be at least 8 ins. thick. For stone 12 ins. is better. Face brick or stone may be backed up with cheaper masonry material, but must be bonded to it. Various bonds produce distinctive surface texture. Concrete block, painted or stuccoed, is economical and has a pleasing appearance.



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peoples of other lands know about our country, the greater will be their interest in Canada and in Canadian products.

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The House of Seagram

Held on Suspicion

Continued from page 11

business card, the first of several I was to strew around Jackson police offices like the front man in a paper chase. All they ever did was make the police more suspicious of me.

Firman took the card, read it and walked over to his motorcycle and called headquarters on the radio.

"What did you do, Mac?" the patrolman asked me. He was younger, easier to understand than Firman.

I told him I hadn't done anything except take a picture of some old buildings, monuments and a young girl and some flowers. I had permission from everyone concerned but Robert E. Lee and his bronze horse Traveler to take the pictures.

"There are lots of guys with cameras who aren't cameramen," said the policeman. His eyes grew ready. "You know," he said ". . . Girls."

I tried to explain that any of my shortcomings as a photographer were professional and not moral. I was a writer by trade. Would he like to see my card?

A Ride in the Back Seat

Firman returned to break up this little tableau. "They're sending a couple of detectives over to talk to you," he said.

"What about?"

Firman shrugged his big shoulders and walked away to talk to a news dealer, but still keeping a close watch on me.

"It's that Willie McGee trouble," said the patrolman. "We put about forty of those Communists from up north in jail when they came in here. They're bad bastards. They try to stir up the niggers."

Willie McGee was a young Negro convicted after several trials of raping a white woman. He was electrocuted at nearby Laurel, Miss. At the time of the last trial the Communists moved into Jackson, the scene of the hearing, with some two hundred demonstrators and the police cracked down on them.

"So they don't like people taking pictures here," said my informant. "The FBI doesn't like it at all."

That was the first mention of the FBI in connection with my case, and as I remained in custody the impression grew that the FBI hovered powerfully

over American life and as mysteriously, if not in the same sinister fashion, as the Communism it was fighting.

When the patrol car came fifteen minutes later Firman talked to the two men in the front seat for a minute and then beckoned to me. Detective A. H. Martin, a thin-faced man who was driving, told me gruffly to get in the back. His partner slid out of the front seat and joined me.

The two men had shed the jackets of their tropical worsted suits, and their gun belts and big-butted pistols looked out of place on their stylish clothes.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked the man beside me.

"You'll find out," he said abruptly. I noticed both men were using the tone of voice some white men in the South use when speaking to colored people.

Martin was a little franker. "We don't know nothing," he said out of the side of his mouth, without turning around.

At headquarters I was taken to a room outside the chief of detectives' and given a rickety chair near a half-open window. Two detectives filling out reports on the burglary of a colored restaurant, the New Moon, delicately withdrew, leaving me with Detective Martin. He was a poor interviewer because he sucked a toothpick while he talked in a sort of broken-down southern accent. He complicated these natural and acquired hazards by holding his hand to his mouth frequently, the way men do when they have bad teeth.

He asked me all the questions you might expect: age, birthplace, occupation and things like that. When he wanted to know my church, my marital status, was I a Mason, where I had come from to Jackson, what was my destination, what kind of pictures was I taking, I asked him what all this had to do with what. Martin leaned forward and snarled at me.

"We're trying to help you. You're far from home and we're trying to help you. See."

I asked him if he would stop trying to help me and tell me what it was all about.

Lieutenant of Detectives J. P. Shipp entered from the chief's office at this point. He was a pale man who wore his thin hair combed over a big bald spot. He looked as though he might have stomach trouble.

He indicated by the briskness of his manner that he was taking over. Mar-

tin withdrew. Shipp wanted to know where my papers were.

I had a passport at the hotel.

"No," he said impatiently. "Your papers. Your permission to be here in the U. S."

"You don't need any," I said. "I have a passport, but you don't need it. I told your immigration officer at Detroit where I was going, why and for how long. That's all there is to it."

"You don't understand," he said. "You must have some kind of papers. Didn't the immigration man give you some kind of a paper? You can't just roam around talking to people and taking pictures."

I told him that's how it was in the world outside Mississippi.

"Why didn't you come here to the police and get permission to take pictures? Don't you always check in with the police?" he asked.

I tried to explain to him they don't do things that way where I came from or where I'd been up until now.

He looked at me quickly. "You ever been in trouble before?" I shook my head.

He wanted to see my identification. My passport was at the hotel but in my pocket I had an air-travel card issued by the international authority, bearing my specimen signature, and I still had a few business cards I hadn't passed out to the police.

"These don't mean a thing," said Shipp. I tried to explain the air-travel card was a pretty personal document. Anyone could get it, he said. And as for the business cards, he said, anyone could have them printed up. They would take me to the hotel and see if that passport was there, but first they had to frisk me.

He and Martin, who returned talking about a heavy lunch of butter beans, green peas, ham hocks and corn bread, pawed me in turn. A pipe in my trouser pocket made their hands flutter expectantly.

I tried to persuade them to stay in the car while I went up to my hotel room and got the passport but they insisted upon marching me through the lobby like Eugene Aram, except I had no gyves on my wrists. The lobby came awake momentarily at the sight of a guest being squired by two unmistakable cops.

I put my camera on the writing table and started to open my bag when Shipp said curtly: "Stand back." He went through my bag and took a batch of letters of introduction written for me by a friend in Los Angeles. He selected one and put it in his pocket and then stepped back. "I can't find it," he said. I picked the passport out of a side pocket of my bag and handed it to him.

Here the lieutenant of detectives displayed a lack of experience shared by his colleagues. I am sure they had never seen a passport before. His reaction to his first look into mine was: "This ain't no more than a birth certificate." I tried to show him that was what a passport, in essence, was. Later I asked him if he had ever seen one before and he mumbled about being a long way from the border.

While Shipp and I were discussing passports his helper went through the hotel room opening drawers, taking the bed apart, looking under towels in the bathroom. They stopped before the light Swiss typewriter I was carrying. "That thing, what is it?" they asked together.

I opened it for them.

We returned to headquarters from the hotel and in the sprint across the lobby I managed to leave them far enough behind so that they might be mistaken for a couple of travelers from Memphis.

At headquarters I was allowed to



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C-19

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THE WORLD OVER

caused by sudden
changes when flying,
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have a drink of water, with Martin at my side. I was allowed to go to the toilet alone but he waited for me outside the door. Shipp, who seemed baffled by the turn of events which had produced the passport, explained my fate now reated with the FBI, to whom he had turned over the whole case. My guard was to be Lieutenant Brown, who started his shift by asking me all the same questions Martin and Shipp had asked. Brown was a big man, wearing a pale-blue tropical worsted suit and a big bone-handled pistol.

It must have been a quiet day at headquarters because most of the staff found it convenient at one time or another to drop into the room where I was held and take a look at me. I would hear them whispering outside before they came in. "That's him," one would say. "Firman brought him in." As the afternoon wore on I began to feel like an eighteen-pound lake trout on display on a dock.

By the time a young man called Bell from the News, a local paper, came in to interview me, after a whispered parley outside my door, I was tired, the chair had grown unbearably hard. My mouth tasted like a motorman's glove from smoking too much and I was hot and hungry and angry.

Bell was a shy plump man who introduced himself and then asked: "What were you doing when you were picked up—just walking along the street?"

"What the hell do you think I'd be doing?" I asked. I borrowed the voice intonation from Lieutenant of Detectives Shipp. Bell fled.

During this interview Martin, who had taken over from Brown once again, had been sitting outside the door, cleaning his pistol. He came in and sat down and began to talk. His voice was probably meant to be conciliatory but it came out in a whine.

"You got no idea the problem we got in this country," he said. "Do you know that half of the hundred and twenty-five thousand people in this town is niggers? Yessir. Oh we keep 'em down pretty good but be just a little bit lenient with them and you got trouble. And that's why we got to be so careful about anything that will stir them black bastards up. We built them a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar auditorium all for themselves and that should keep them quiet for a while."

"Some folks up north say we treat the nigger bad, but we treat him good. We treat 'em so good that some of 'em who go north come back here. We need 'em of course because we couldn't run the country without them. They do lots of jobs no white man would touch."

"And that," he concluded, "is why people are really frightened down here. They're frightened of anything that might arouse these niggers. Don't you see?"

Brown entered briskly with a dark-haired young man who introduced himself with credentials as Roy H. McDaniel, special agent of the FBI. I had been there for three hours, for the most of that time on that chair, and now for the first time I was to hear what the complaint against me was. McDaniel, who had a crisp cold kind of courtesy in his approach, gave it to me fast.

"You took a picture of a girl this morning," he said. "She called in to say she thought she recognized you from a picture in the afternoon paper." He showed me a layout of four pictures of top Communists who had jumped bail. The girl said I resembled one called Gus Hall. I could see little resemblance, but then if Santa Claus had been one of the group you'd have

had serious trouble picking him out.

McDaniel talked quickly, repeating frequently that all this was routine.

"If you're not Hall there will be nothing to it," he said.

"What do you mean if I'm not Hall?" I asked. "I can't be Hall. There's my Canadian passport."

McDaniel tossed down the little document, keeping it closer to him than me. It landed with a plop.

"Doesn't mean a thing. That picture could be anyone. Anyone could get one of those," he said crisply. The photograph, unlike the traditional passport picture, was an unmistakably good likeness. I tried to tell him that "anyone" couldn't get a Canadian passport. Men and women had risked death to get one of those blue-covered documents. This was my nationality, my identity as a Canadian citizen, my refuge in a foreign country. What did he mean saying it didn't mean anything?

McDaniel shook his head slowly. "Just what I said," he repeated.

For the first time that afternoon I felt real concern. What if he kept my passport? What if they ran into difficulties checking me in Toronto and Ottawa or wherever they checked you when they didn't believe the valid passport you carried. The way things were going it looked as though I was going to lose a lot of time and perhaps spend most of it in jail.

Earlier I had been a little amused; later angry and bored. But now I was eager to get out of there.

Hot Tips from a Psycho

"If you don't accept my passport what will you accept?" I asked McDaniel.

"Fingerprints."

I told him I didn't want to be fingerprinted by the FBI, like a criminal.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Of course I can't force you to. But whether you do or not we are going to check on you. If you don't you may be picked up again. And if you aren't Gus Hall I don't see why you object."

"Stop saying if I'm not Gus Hall," I shouted. I pointed to the passport and then remembered Special Agent McDaniel had broken off diplomatic relations with Canada.

He tried to mollify me. "Don't get sore," he said, calling me by my first name. He tried to tell me this was something they had to do. It was routine. I had the unpleasant feeling that it was. Earlier in the afternoon I had heard the detectives talking about other pickups like mine. One citizen kept a pocket file of newspaper clippings of all men wanted by the FBI. This psychopath called the police with hot tips several times a week, they said. Behind McDaniel's head was a poster issued by J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, urging good Americans to "be alert" and fight espionage and subversive elements. They were told their vigilance could save America.

Finally I told McDaniel I would submit to the fingerprinting if he would give me a clearance so I could travel on without danger of being picked up again. His friends, the police, had said I should have had a paper. He had impressed me with the fact that there was such a reasonable doubt about my identity that only the prints would clear me.

"What good would a letter from me do you? No FBI man would accept it. The letter might be a fake," he said.

All they trusted were the fingerprints, he said. All they trusted were

Continued on page 60



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Officers appointed to Short Service Commissions in the Canadian Army Active Force will be given an adequate outfit allowance.

FOR FULL DETAILS

Apply to the nearest Army Personnel Depot

Continued from page 58
the grotesque patterns on file in Washington and through which the FBI was enforcing the law.

After a long discussion I agreed reluctantly. Lieut. Brown took the prints and it was a messy long job because of some difficulty he had in selecting my right hand when he needed it. McDaniel took the prints and retired to the chief of detectives' office which he had taken over.

My new guard was a white-haired detective who wandered in and sat down with my passport in his hands.

He said he had thought a passport would look different. Brown returned to summon me. He weighed me, took my height and I was returned to the room where I was joined by McDaniel after another half hour. It was now past four. I had been picked up around twelve.

"I have just been talking to New Orleans," he said, "and they haven't got Hall's prints there. So they will have to check with Washington."

"How long is that likely to take?" I asked.

He didn't know.

"A day, a month, a year?" I demanded.

Once again I was urged not to "get sore." McDaniel was just doing his duty. Routine duty.

"I'm going to let you go," he said quickly.

"But you haven't checked my fingerprints," I said. "That's why I let you have them—so I could get out of this mess."

"When I called New Orleans they told me that Hall was five foot eleven. You're six foot three and I don't think even a Commie could grow four inches

overnight. The newspaper today didn't have any of his measurements," said McDaniel. His smile was cosy, as though he expected me to see the joke.

I said I wanted to get this straight. I had been picked up on the complaint of a foolish girl who had seen a badly smudged newspaper picture. The FBI had ordered me held, questioned and fingerprinted on the basis of no more information than the girl had. The Associated Press could supply its member newspapers with pictures of Hall, but the FBI could not or did not. The FBI was checking me against a dangerous enemy of the state and they didn't even have his height. How did they know he wasn't seven feet tall? What reason had they for holding an outsize Canadian, complete with passport, when all the time he could obviously not be a standard-size American?

McDaniel said something about Hall looking a little like me about the eyes but not around the chin, now that you looked closely.

I wanted to be fair to him because he was probably doing important work, even if I thought he was doing it clumsily and stupidly. I hoped they could catch Gus Hall because he is a convicted enemy of the American people. But I didn't see how they were going to catch him unless they told their agents who were arresting suspects what he looked like.

I wanted to be fair to McDaniel, but I concluded that he must be either a fool or a liar. Since he released me on learning Hall's height he was wrong to hold me before he knew what he was looking for, even though the pretty girl panicked. If he did know Hall's size he lied to me when he pressured me into giving my prints by saying that it was essential to have these to clear me. I had no indication that a check was ever made about me in Washington, my home office in Toronto or Ottawa. My fingerprints still hadn't been checked and I was being released on information which had always been available.

I took my papers back from him and got up. "Be sure they're all there," he called after me. I shoved them in my pocket and walked out. I was glad to be going. I would miss those long talks with Detective Martin, but I was glad to be going. The detectives were gathered in the big front office. Brown was grinning. "You're a free man, eh?" he said.

I nodded and kept walking out into the sunlight. Back at the hotel I was sure the people in the lobby stared at me, not that it mattered. But I didn't like being stared at by people who were encouraged to wonder if I were a Communist fugitive.

In my room the wind was blowing in from the southland the way it had the night before. It was a hot hard wind now, all softness gone from it.

A handful of papers was lying on the floor beside my bed. Had Shipp done that while I had been here or had they been back while I was detained? I couldn't be sure. The camera was the way I had left it. I had been pretty sly about that. I had left it at a certain angle and it was still that way.

I sat on the edge of the bed. I felt suddenly shaky, probably because I hadn't eaten since early morning and it had been a long hot hard afternoon. I leaned back on the rumpled bed.

Through the open window I could hear the sound of distant music. Of course, I had forgotten. This was the Fourth of July, Independence Day.

I got up off the bed and called the desk and told them I would be checking out. "Come and see us again, real soon," the pleasant-voiced girl said in the traditional Southern farewell. ★



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Must Europe Go Red?

Continued from page 15

a more cheerful façade. Wage scales are higher than in Lille, but so are prices, especially rents, and the contrasts between rich and poor even more sharp.

One evening this summer as I was strolling along the Champs Elysées, a familiar face nodded to me from a sidewalk table at Fouquet's. It was that of a middle-aged woman, a clerk in the post office where I buy my stamps. She was sitting alone. The next day I twitted her about being unable to find a date for the evening. Her chin came up and she told me defiantly that she "works the sidewalks" at least one evening a week to make up the difference between her salary and her minimum cost of living.

In Paris it is not unusual for presumably respectable office girls to "work the sidewalks" for holiday money or for a new dress or a pair of shoes.

In Rome a year ago the bank clerk who handled my account at the American Express Company told me his salary is twenty-seven thousand lire (about \$50) a month. This educated, bilingual, trustworthy man has an extra job at night, washing cars in a garage, so that he can support his wife and small child. Moreover, he told me, he was lucky to have the job with American Express. Italian banks pay less.

As one travels in western Europe such incidents crowd in profusion into each day's experience, and they provide at least a partial answer to the question: Why do thirty percent of the people vote Communist?

It is clear that the great majority of those who voted Communist in the June elections in France and Italy are not Communists. In a testing time they would fight bitterly against the encroachment of a Soviet system into their lives. But theirs was a protest vote. They weren't voting for Communism; they were voting *against* the economic dilemma in which they find themselves. They were voting for change, for upheaval, for confusion, for anything that would explode them out of a desperate rut of life. They were voting for the most distasteful ideology on the ballot in the same spirit that a hopeless prisoner sets fire to his jailhouse in the hope that he might escape in the confusion or, as a lesser evil than confinement, die in the flames.

It requires neither a Ph.D. in economics nor keen political wisdom to

figure the basic answer to the problem. It lies in raising the living standard of these discouraged people and at the same time providing them with a legitimate political outlet for their grievances, an outlet within the framework of democratic government.

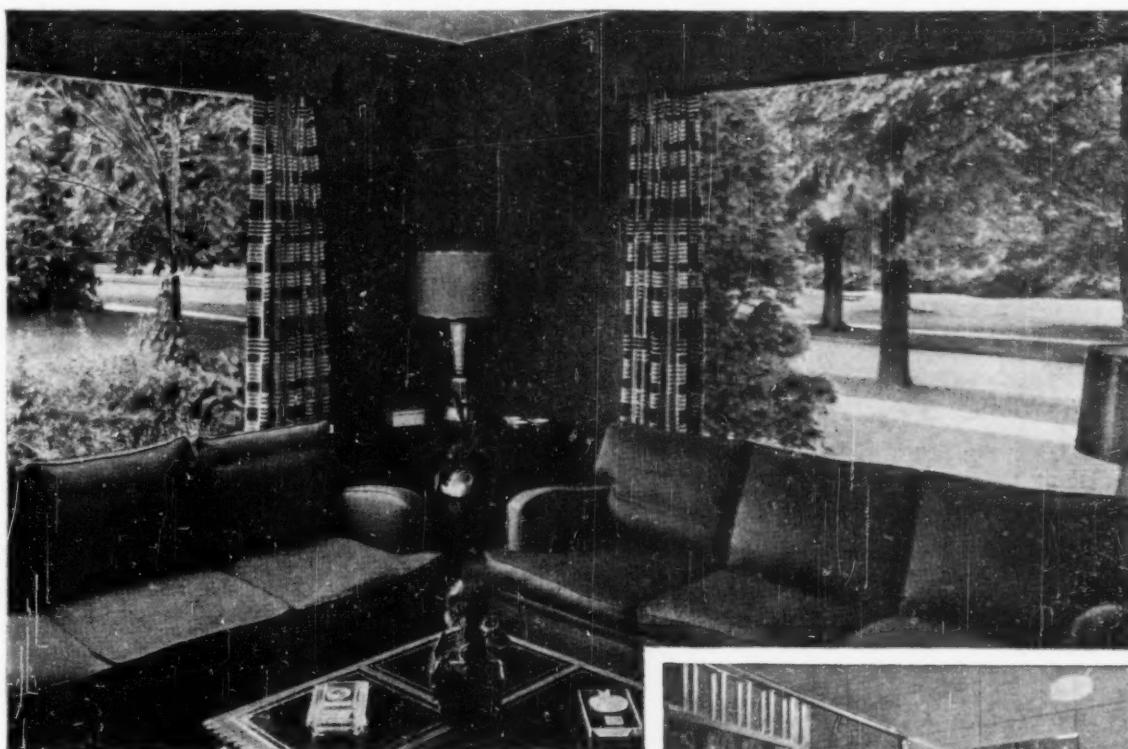
The problem of raising the French living standard is a sensitive one which has engrossed the best economists of the western world. France is a land exceedingly blessed by nature. It is self-sufficient in most of the resources which make for good living; it is neither overpopulated nor underpopulated;

its people, contrary to Western conceptions, work hard and are frugal; it still possesses a rich productive overseas empire. Even with the ravages of two destructive wars scarring its economy it still possesses the physical assets for an abundant life. And yet more than four million Frenchmen and women voted Communist last June 17 — more than for any other single party.

There is no complete answer to the problem. As long as twenty percent of the national income must go to military expenditures, as long as Europe's natural trade lines are cut in half

at the iron curtain, no satisfactory cure for the nation's economic ills is possible. But a great deal that can be done is left undone.

No French government has had the courage to tackle the problem of national morality, which is another term for confidence or faith in one's country. A prime example is the official estimate that French nationals are at present hoarding gold or dollar credits abroad to the amount of six billion dollars. The importance of this figure becomes clear by its comparison with the value of the bullion currently held in Fort



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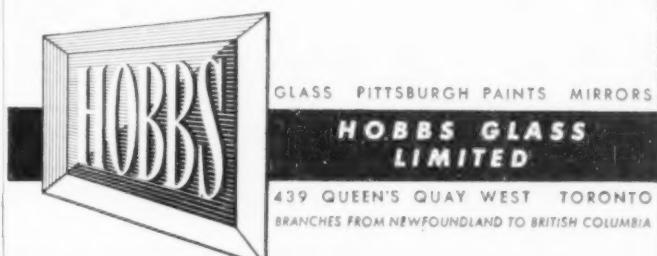
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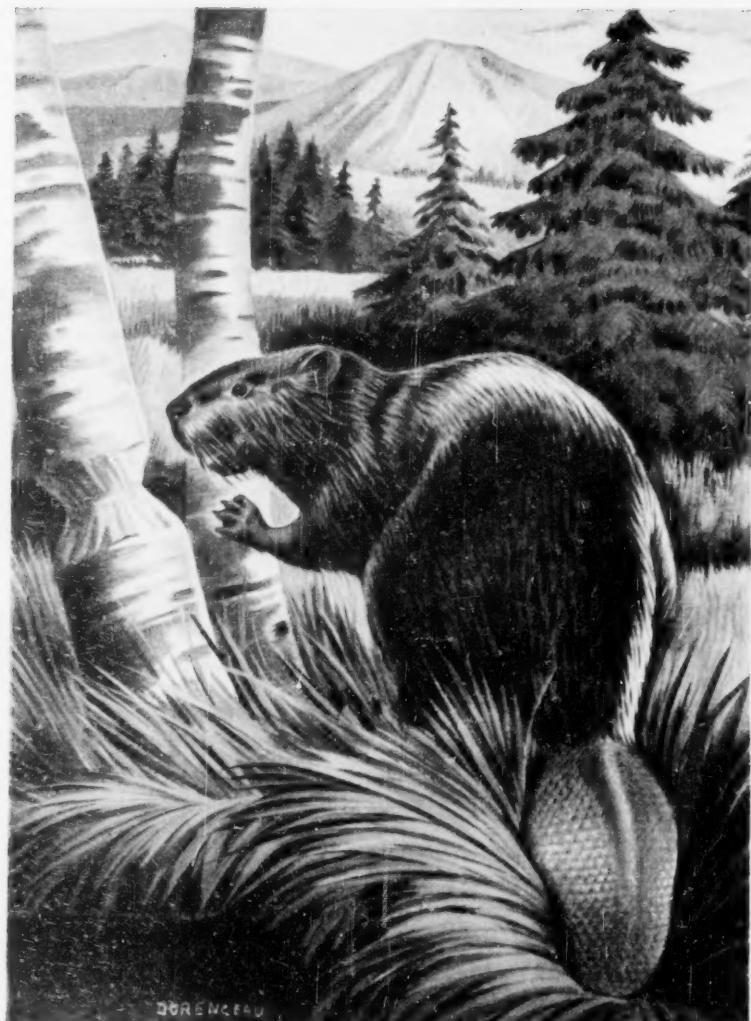
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Knox, by the United States Government—twenty-one billion dollars. If this French gold hoard were turned in to the treasury, where it legally belongs, it might easily make the French franc one of the hardest currencies in Europe. The present gold backing of the French franc amounts to only five hundred and forty million dollars (U. S. funds).

There is no way of returning this gold hoard to bolster France's financial and trading position except by a new burst of patriotism on the part of the French nation.

The Man in the Squeeze

The same problem of national morality enters into the day-by-day machinery of the French economy. One North American economist who has closely studied the French economy since the war told me that the profit margin of private French industry is unconscionable. The entrepreneurs, whose employees provide the bulk of the Communist vote, can well afford to lower the prices of their products, or raise the wage standard of their employees, or do a little of both, and still wind up with a profit margin which would be considered handsome in North America.

French industrial products like automobiles, tractors and stoves, sell at prices comparable with, or a little higher than, American figures, and yet the French machinist who makes these products averages forty cents an hour while his American counterpart gets between two and three dollars an hour for the same work. Allowing for American living standards and mass production methods there is still a dangerous discrepancy here.

The private answer of some French industrialists is that they are convinced the country is inevitably going Communist and they are taking all the profit the traffic will bear and transferring as much as possible abroad while the taking is good. Thus French industry, which desperately fears Communism, makes its unwitting contribution to the Communist vote at every election. And the French farmer, whose fanatic attachment to his land is traditional, does his share of hoarding and price-spiraling which may some day lose him title to his most precious possession.

The solution lies in a combination of faith, morality and patriotism by the French people themselves. Outside economic aid, although essential, cannot do the job alone.

Meanwhile the French wage-earner, the man caught in the squeeze, looks about for a place to register his anguish. The centre parties which he has faithfully voted into power since the war have failed to alleviate his distress. In last June's election he found himself confronted with a choice between De Gaulle, who dreams of being a sort of male Joan of Arc, and the Communists, who offer revolution, anarchy, but above all, change. In this light it becomes less surprising that the extremist parties gained such substantial blocks of votes.

These points are proven by contrast over and over again in Great Britain where, though the standard of living is considerably lower than ours, there is no Communist problem at the polls. Under the inspiration of British morality, both in politics and patriotism, the people have a clear opportunity of forcing economic changes at the polls. They wanted social security after the war and they voted it. Today, according to advance pollsters, they want more economic freedom and will vote accordingly in the next election.

Not Well, But Decently

The whole British political structure, Labor and Conservative, has moved to the Left in sympathy with developing world trends. It is this political sensitivity—political wisdom, if you will

that has brought the British nation through this testing time without the encroachment of domestic Communism.

Whether a Conservative or a Labor government is in power, the political stability of Britain lies in a deep and universal recognition that the goal of the nation is a healthy living standard for all, that sacrifices are being made by all classes toward the attainment of this goal. The average British family does not live well, but it lives decently within the limits of a struggling British economy.

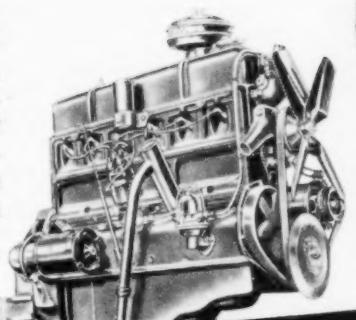
War or no war, our generation is in a death struggle with Communism. It is a struggle on two levels, the economic and the military. They are equally

Continued on page 64



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Continued from page 62
urgent. On the military level the danger can be seen and clearly estimated in naked figures—numbers of divisions, amounts of materiel, the longitude and latitude of the positions of the potential enemy. On the economic level the danger is not so quickly discernible.

Freedom—and Hunger?

This reporter saw it clearly one night, on the midnight of Sept. 15, 1947, when the Italian peace treaty came into effect. Under its clauses Trieste was made a free city controlled by the British, the Americans and the Yugoslavs. A strip of territory along Italy's eastern frontier was ceded to Tito's Yugoslavia.

On that midnight I stood at a barricade in the Italian frontier city of Gorizia. In the last few moments before the deadline some of the border folk were moving into the Italian side, others into the Yugoslav side, each according to his or her political persuasion. The night was alive with impassioned political arguments raging across the barricade. An elderly man on the Yugoslav side of the barricade was shouting to those who had moved into the Italian side.

"You are fools!" he cried. "You boast of your personal liberty, your democracy. But over on this side we have other things. We may not eat well but we all eat enough. There is

work for all. Our children will not grow up crippled and our daughters do not have to go into the streets. What will you have over there? Freedom! Yes—and unemployment and hunger and shame . . ."

Here was a challenge to our way of life which had a ring of reality. But have we tackled it?

We have accepted the military challenge. From Eisenhower's headquarters in Paris to the UN command posts north of Seoul we are strengthening ourselves against the real and implied threats of Communist aggression. We are facing the military challenge with sacrifice and bravery.

It is not enough. The keener challenge lies well behind our frontiers. It lies in Lille and in Lyons, in Milan, Siena and Barcelona; it lies in providing answers to the argument of the man on the Gorizia barricade; it lies in giving a hope of life to the Rome bank clerk and to the Roubaix worker who sent his daughter a few flowers to sweeten the drab path into prostitution.

The Soviets realize that the struggle is being fought on two levels. If they do not choose military aggression to gain their objectives it will mean that they are satisfied to wait until we have destroyed our own world by our own errors, individual, national and international.

It may well be that we are winning on the military level. But that is only half the battle. Perhaps less than half the battle. ★



The Wind Up-Ends

(Fundy Fisherman)

He walked in, tall and smiling, when he'd knocked,

And stood by the open door; the buoy rocked
And rolled with the slack tide, restless as a bell

On a pastured cow, "We may be having a spell
Of weather . . . wind is moving around tonight,

Kind of up-ending. You sure you're fixed all right
For wood?"

It's quiet now, but the gale may head
Into the eastard. Best bring a load," he said.

The trees took the first low surge of air

At midnight, shaken from root to crotch; and there
Came heavy rushes, hugging the rough grass-ground,

Which, rising, turned to towers of such sound
As closed high walls about our listening—

No shout or call could scale that noise, nor fling
A signal loud enough to reach across,

The sky was all our ceiling, none could toss
A soaring word to us; we stayed inside

Waiting, beleaguered, for the change of tide,
Which might mean change of wind.

*And it was good
To have that extra wheelbarrow of wood!*

—George Calvin

Backstage at Ottawa: Warm for October

Continued from page 5

demand for goods all over the world, forcing prices up. Look at the shortages of rearmament, the inflationary pressure of wages in defense industries.

These objections are not trivial. The difficulties are these all right. But some people in Ottawa are remembering that exactly the same objections were put forward in 1941. It was argued then, as now, that over-all price control couldn't possibly work, that Donald Gordon couldn't make them stock. But Donald Gordon did.

True, there are obstacles today that didn't exist in 1941. There was no constitutional problem, for the War Measures Act gave unlimited power to Ottawa. There were fewer enforcement problems because we were at war; support for price control was taken as a patriotic duty. These points are heavily emphasized by defenders of Liberal policy.

There's another obstacle that they do not emphasize: To a large extent the men who introduced and operated the price controls of 1941 are still in office. They just can't face it again. They've had it; this is where they came in.

* * *

Meanwhile, though credit controls have had no effect yet on the cost of living, they've had a smashing impact on the housing program. The need for housing is just as great as it ever was (even in these six record-breaking years we haven't caught up with the backlog and with the increase in Canadian families) but the rate of production is sharply down for the first time since the war.

Robert Winters, Minister of Resources and Development, will still be able to show to Parliament a good record of completions. After all, there were sixty thousand houses started but not completed in 1950; they'll all be finished this year, and that's two thirds of the ninety thousand that broke all records in 1950. It's still possible that the total of completions

for this year will be as high or even a mite higher.

The sad story comes out in the figure for new houses started in 1951. There's no great falling off in the first quarter (always low anyway, in the Canadian climate) because most of the early starters were people who'd made their plans, borrowed their money and were all set to go. But in March and April the figures for new starts were slipping a little; in May they were off about twenty percent.

Then came June and July. New starts were cut in half, compared with those in the same months of 1950. August figures aren't in yet, but there's every reason to think they'll be equally low if not lower. National Housing Act loans are down even more sharply than building starts.

By the time Parliament opens the full significance of all this will have well sunk into public consciousness. Housing is one thing on which the opposition parties are fairly close together: Progressive Conservative Don Fleming will be just as harsh as the CCF and, from the Liberals' viewpoint, probably more effective.

What with one thing and another, therefore, Liberals are looking forward to the new session with less than their usual cheer. Losing four by-elections in one day, last June, was a bit of a shock but they didn't take it quite seriously at the time. As the autumn wears on some of them may begin to consider the possibility that a Liberal Government might, in their political lifetime, be defeated.

* * *

Parliament still has to enact the universal Old Age Pension Act, but already the Department of Health and Welfare is up to its neck in the problems of administration. About seven hundred thousand oldsters will begin drawing their forty dollars a month next January. Of these, three hundred thousand are already drawing pensions (with the means test) and need make no new applications, but even they must have their records transferred



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1951

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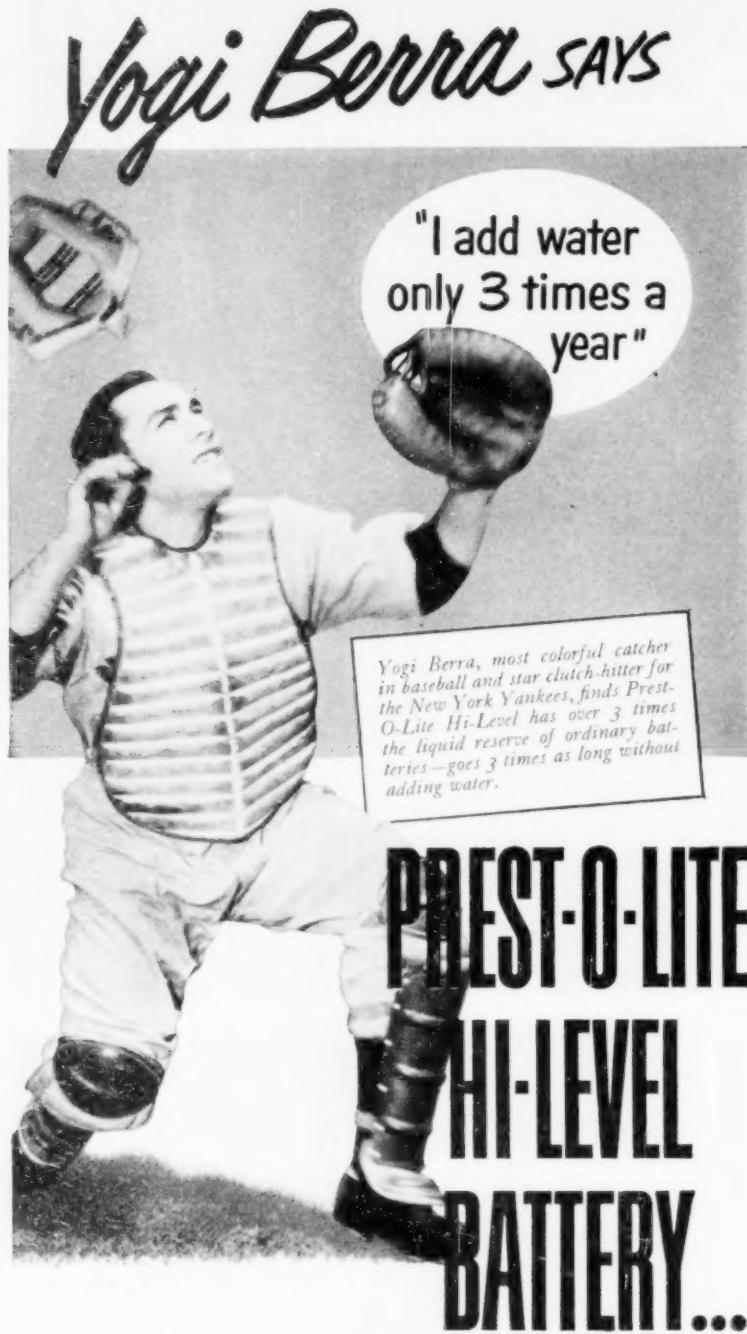
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from provincial to federal files. The others must have their applications received, verified and cleared for payment.

Proof of age is perhaps the worst single headache to pensioner and to bureaucrat. People over seventy who still have birth certificates, of course, need have no worry—a birth certificate is accepted without further check. But the number of people aged seventy and over who know where to find their birth certificates is limited.

Health and Welfare offices are already quite accustomed to receiving, by express, fifty-pound family Bibles as evidence of births that took place three score and ten years ago. Army discharge papers, insurance company records, old employment forms—all these are taken as substantial, if not conclusive, evidence that the applicant is as old as he says he is. The number of people who would give a false age to an employer in 1930, in the hope of obtaining a fraudulent pension in 1952, is reckoned to be small.

So far the federal officials have found no case to match the classic of provincial experience. Several years ago a pensions investigator was sent out to interview a man who certainly looked to be over seventy and who was certainly destitute, but who had no proof of age of any kind. No birth certificate. No employment record—he'd hardly ever worked. No army service. No childhood friend to identify him. Nothing. facetiously, the investigator remarked: "It's too bad you haven't served a term in jail. That would show your age."

"Come to think of it," said the would-be pensioner. "I did do a stretch in Kingston Penitentiary thirty years ago."

So they checked with the prison authorities and, sure enough, there was the man's name and date of birth. He got his pension.

Another problem, less difficult but still tricky, is to identify the applicant. As a purely hypothetical example, let's suppose that the brothers William and Richard Smith came to Canada from England in 1910. William dies at seventy-two. Richard, twelve years

PEACE GESTURE

I hold no grudge,

Just be polite

And let me judge

If I am right!

—Ivan J. Collins

younger, inherits William's personal effects—including his birth certificate. What's to prevent Richard Smith from making out an application in William's name, attaching William's birth certificate, and drawing the defunct William's pension until Richard too gives up the ghost?

As one precaution the Government requires each applicant to get the signature of some person not a member of his family. This witness is asked to certify, not that the applicant is over seventy (he wouldn't be expected to know) but simply that the applicant is known to be the person whose name he has signed to the application.

To handle these and kindred problems the Welfare Department has hired only one hundred and twenty-four extra people, all clerical help. Supervision and direction, as well as most of the clerical labor, is to be provided by the Family Allowances Division staff. It'll be a tough six months for them, but the extra load is to be handled by a rotated system of overtime work three nights a week.

This is not the total addition to staff, because the Treasury Office has the job of checking and actually issuing the cheques. They will probably have to take on about the same number of extra people. Nevertheless, it's expected that the grand total of administrative expense for federal pensions, including everything, will be less than the provinces spent to give pensions to the destitute alone. ★



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Alcan has 4 smelters — at Arvida, Isle Maligne, Beauharnois and Shawinigan Falls — with a capacity of nearly 500,000 tons. And this light, strong, non-rusting metal has found an almost limitless range of useful jobs to do.



Aluminum is being put to so many uses these days that Canada's aluminum industry, begun at Shawinigan Falls in 1900, and already grown to giant size, is embarked on another expansion program.

More dams, powerhouses, smelting facilities in Quebec . . . a whole new operation in British Columbia . . . these great forward strides will further step up Canada's aluminum capacity to a total of more than half a million tons a year.

Today the names "Peribonka" and "Kitimat" head blueprints of work in the planning stage, of work in progress. Tomorrow they will take their place beside Shawinigan, Shipshaw and Arvida as new milestones in Canada's growth as one of the world's major suppliers of aluminum.

On the Peribonka River in Quebec, Alcan is harnessing two cataracts—Chute-du-Diable and Chute-à-la-Savanne. These will provide new power for a big addition to aluminum output and additional power resources for the Saguenay District.

Meanwhile, up coast from Vancouver at the tiny Indian village of Kitimat, Alcan is getting ready to construct a huge smelter and a complete modern town. At Keman, 50 miles away, Alcan plans to build a powerhouse inside a mountain; and a ten-mile tunnel through this mountain to carry water from a chain of lakes down a 2,600 foot drop.

From these new works will come additional low-cost aluminum for Canada's own use and for customers abroad. "Operation Aluminum" is a big thing for Canadians and for the free democratic world. It means a further line of defence against aggression. And it means a busier, more prosperous country in which to live and work.

Peribonka

Île Maligne

Beauharnois

IN QUEBEC

CHUTE-DU-DIABLE

250,000 h.p. installation. Begun autumn, 1950. Will be in operation May 1952.

CHUTE-À-LA-SAVANNE

250,000 h.p. installation. Begun summer, 1951. To be completed in 1953.

ISLE MALIGNE

Smelter. Output doubled. Construction underway.

BEAUHARNOIS

Smelter. Re-opened April, 1951.



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BURGESS Portable Radio Batteries give you more hours of static-free listening pleasure.

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BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
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The Last of the Multimillionaires

Continued from page 9

Dalhousie he still didn't have enough money to cover expenses and toiled at a variety of odd jobs, including one as deckhand on a freighter.

Dunn got his degree in 1898 and he and Aitken hit out for Calgary where they hoped to get rich. The first person they looked up was their old pal Bennett. Bennett instantly offered to advance them the fare to Edmonton. "One town isn't big enough for three like us," he told them, and the remark was prophetic enough. The pair took Bennett's advice: Dunn opened a law office in Edmonton; Aitken sold insurance. Neither was successful. Aitken went back to the Maritimes. Dunn went to Ottawa. An Edmonton client had asked him what he would charge to represent him in the capital on a case. "The price of a one-way ticket," Dunn replied. He never returned to the prairies.

Presently he was appearing before parliamentary committees to promote legislation on behalf of private individuals. His eloquence prompted J. N. Greenshields, a prominent Montreal lawyer, to give him a junior partnership. By 1902, the year after his first marriage, he was recognized as one of the most promising men in his profession, but he was restless, impatient, hungry for wealth and influence.

His real future, he concluded, was in finance, not law. So he bought a seat on the Montreal Stock Exchange on a borrowed twenty thousand dollars.

In his student days at Halifax young Dunn had attracted the attention of Dr. S. F. Pearson, a lawyer who was identified with South American enterprises in which Canadian capitalists had invested heavily. Pearson knew these investors were seeking somebody who could market their South American securities to the public at a profit. He suggested that Dunn might be the man. Dunn was.

They Hobnobbed With Dukes

He was next approached to participate in the financing of the Havana Electric Company in Cuba. He invaded London and sold a million dollars of Havana Electric bonds to British buyers. The issue met such a ready reception that he stayed in London and formed his own banking house, Dunn, Fisher and Company. His partner, Fisher, soon withdrew from the firm, though it still bears his name.

Dunn established branches on the Continent and underwrote tramway, power and railway developments in

South America, Central America and Mexico. Pearson was linked with most of these ventures. Over a luncheon table in Paris Dunn and Pearson planned the merger of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Sao Paulo Tramway and Sao Paulo Electric into what is now Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company. Another of their projects was the Barcelona Traction, Light and Power Company in Spain.

By 1914, when he was thirty nine, Dunn was already a multimillionaire. Meanwhile May Aitken, still in his early thirties but worth fifteen million dollars, had joined Dunn in London, been elected to Britain's Parliament, bought a newspaper, the Daily Express, and been knighted.

The two men from little towns in New Brunswick were a sensation in the world's biggest city. Brilliant, dynamic, fun-loving, they lived like kings and were invited everywhere. They were wined and dined by dukes and duchesses and they hobnobbed with Lord Northcliffe, Aitken's fellow publisher, and with David Lloyd George and Andrew Bonar Law, another New Brunswicker who succeeded Lloyd George as prime minister.

Then Dunn dropped out of sight.

He had offered his services to the British government at the outbreak of World War One and had been appointed to two or three committees.

These appointments were intended to mask hazardous undercover missions which Dunn undertook and for which he was rewarded with a baronetcy in 1921.

Details have never been revealed, but one of his assignments was to stem the flow of nickel from neutral European countries to Germany.

After the Armistice Sir James cloaked his business activities in secrecy. He was mentioned in London's financial section as the architect of many major deals. But he surrounded himself with such an aura of mystery that he was compared with such inscrutable and baffling figures as Sir Basil Zaharoff and Alfred Lowenstein. Lowenstein, the Belgian financier who plunged to his death from an airplane carrying him across the English Channel, was rumored to be associated with Dunn. He frequently visited Dunn's London office, and one of Dunn's former employees recalls him as a "pleasant excitable little man."

Sir James and his first wife, Gertrude Paterson Price, a Montreal heiress and the mother of his son and three of his four daughters, were divorced in 1924. On Jan. 18, 1926, in Paris, with Lord Beaverbrook among the guests, Dunn married the Marchioness of Queensberry, who had also been divorced.

Dunn and the gay ex-marchioness were soon leading lights in an international society set which included the present Duke of Windsor, who was then Prince of Wales. They bathed on the Riviera, golfed and shot grouse in Scotland, skated in Switzerland. Sir James rented Sutton Court, the plush estate of the Duke of Sutherland. He bought the Duke of Norfolk's residence in London and installed a gymnasium, a swimming pool and a squash court. His wine cellar was the best in England. Even his wardrobe aroused comment. One of his outfits was a white serge suit worn with a white shirt and bright red necktie. He liked fast automobiles and had an assortment of custom-built English,

Continued on page 70

HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED

Remember when—

- The business woman was the working girl.
- The alcoholic was the souse.
- The mentally retarded student was the dunce.
- The juvenile delinquent was the brat.
- The junior executive was the straw boss.
- The receptionist was the counter girl.
- The foundation garment was the corset.
- The psychopathic personality was the violent criminal.
- The interior decorator was the paper-hanger.
- The sanitary engineer was the plumber.
- The company's district representative was the house-to-house salesman.
- The statistician was the bookkeeper.
- The larger woman was the fat lady.
- The mortician was the undertaker.

—Barry Mather



NEXT ISSUE

Karsh

Photographs the Royal Couple
for Maclean's and tells about
it in our Royal Tour Issue

Maclean's flew Yousuf Karsh, the world's greatest portrait photographer, to London to secure a portfolio of full-color portraits of Princess Elizabeth, Prince Philip and their children. As part of a nine-page picture section, Karsh tells the intimate story of how he prepared for and got these historic, distinguished photographs.

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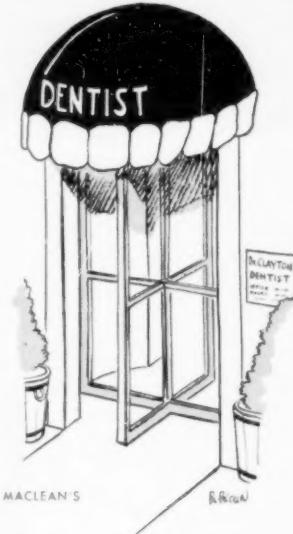
Continued from page 68
French, Italian and German models. His lavish spending gained him the reputation of being the "richest man in the British Empire," which he wasn't.

All this time he was enlarging and consolidating his investments. When he was in London a secretary would meet him at his home in the morning and ride to his office with him in a Rolls Royce, taking dictation on the way. Dunn and Beaverbrook dined together frequently and the Ontario-born peer, Lord Greenwood, sometimes joined them. So did Bennett when he moved to England after his defeat in the Canadian election of 1935.

Meanwhile Dunn was beginning to realize an ambition he had cherished since a day in 1907 when an industrialist named Francis Hector Clergue had taken him along the shoreline of the wild Algoma country near Sault Ste. Marie, waved an arm dramatically and said: "You'll find eight billion tons of ore there." Today, Dunn recalls, "I was just young enough to feel he was right."

Clergue, a Maine lawyer, had visited Canada as a tourist in 1894, seen the Sault rapids roaring out of Lake Superior, and determined to harness them. He built a powerhouse on St. Mary's River, a pulp mill and saw mill and a railway—the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay. When a prospector stumbled on an iron deposit along the railway Clergue bought it too, together with four other ore deposits, and named them after his sisters, Helen, Elsie, Josephine, Eleanor and Gertrude. He moved a steel mill from Ohio to the Soo and rolled the first steel rails manufactured in Canada.

Between 1895 and 1907 he spent seventy-five millions and turned Sault Ste. Marie from a village into a lusty



MACLEAN'S

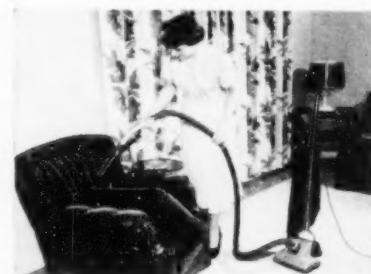
BROWN

city. Then his financial wells in the U.S. dried up and his empire fell apart. Dunn was retained by an American investment syndicate to untangle part of the mess. The rich natural resources of the area intrigued him.

After Clergue's bankruptcy Algoma Steel was reorganized. Dunn seems to have sensed that the company would have to go through the wringer of a second bankruptcy before settling down on a profitable basis. Thus, through the years, he bought Algoma Steel's five percent first mortgage and refunding bonds, knowing that in the event of another liquidation the bondholders would take over the assets. When the collapse came in 1932 he had more than



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enough bonds to climb into the driver's seat. They had cost him a mere fraction of what had been spent to develop the property. In 1935 after a second reorganization he emerged as Algoma's chairman, president and principal owner.

Dunn hit Sault Ste. Marie like a typhoon, junking old machinery, installing new, expanding facilities, eliminating waste. Work, wages and retail sales increased.

In the depression years 1932 to 1935, before Dunn personally took control, things were sliding from bad to worse in the Soo. One week end in June the employees were paid on the Friday and that evening and on the Saturday the Soo merchants cashed thousands of pay cheques. One Queen Street department store held fifteen thousand dollars worth of them. Monday morning the banks wouldn't honor the cheques and panic spread.

How He Saved the Soo

Although Dunn had not yet appeared in the picture it was he who put up the money to cover the cheques three weeks later. This immensely wealthy and powerful man literally saved Sault Ste. Marie. Before he stepped in as boss of Algoma a building lot now valued at seventy-five hundred dollars was sold to satisfy a three-hundred-dollar tax bill. The unemployed were leaving in droves to seek work elsewhere.

Under the Dunn regime the population has increased from 23,000 to 32,000. Wilfred Hussey, secretary-manager of the Chamber of Commerce, boasts that it will be sixty thousand by 1960. He could easily be right. On all sides at Sault Ste. Marie there are signs of a boom—block after block of new houses, the seventy-five-million-

DESERTED EXPANSE

Of poor September's beach I sing,
Frequented not by man;
There is no more forgotten thing,
If we except my tan.

—Ray Romine

dollar expansion program at Algoma, extensions and improvements to such other industries as Abitibi Pulp and Paper, Chromium Mining and Smelting and Roddis Lumber and Veneer. There are new schools, new supermarkets, new office buildings, a new sports arena.

More than eleven thousand citizens have industrial jobs and of these six thousand are at the steel plant, where the average hourly wage was \$1.83 in 1950 compared with 45 cents in 1936.

Yet Sir James, who put Sault Ste. Marie back on its feet, is viewed there with mixed feelings.

In June 1947, in recognition of his "tireless efforts in building up the steel mills and creating a livelihood for the great majority of people who live in the Soo area," he was given a gold key at a public ceremony attended by twenty-five hundred people. He and the present Lady Dunn, a tall attractive blonde who was once his secretary (he married her in 1942 after his second divorce), were entertained at a civic reception.

Dunn, who likes everything on a grand scale, repaid the hospitality in September 1948 by inviting the whole community to an "at home" at the Algoma plant. More than fourteen

WHAT A VALUE!



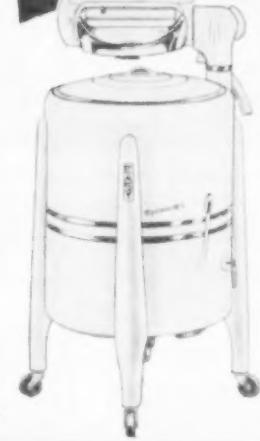
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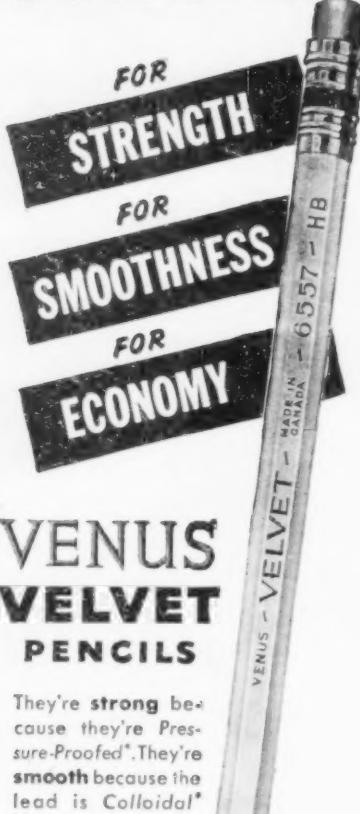


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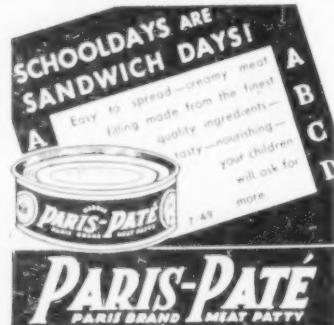
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thousand accepted and the guests ate thirty thousand hot dogs and drank forty thousand bottles of pop.

In spite of these outward signs of good will many Soo residents grumble that Sir James "wants to own the whole town" and that no one man should have so much power. His temper is a favorite topic of conversation and you aren't in Sault Ste. Marie half an hour before you hear that he bought the nine-story Windsor Hotel so he'd be able to fire the cook. Actually, he seems to have bought the Windsor because it was an excellent investment. Changes in the kitchen staff did follow. Dunn is notoriously fussy about his meals. His valet superintends the preparation of his food, even at hotels famed for their cuisine.

A Billion Tons of Ore

When Sir James is at the Soo he likes to sit at an oversized picture window on the top floor of the Windsor. He had a section of the wall torn out to make way for the huge sheet of glass. When he looks through this he is master of much that he surveys, for he owns around sixty percent of Algoma's shares, and Algoma owns twenty-three hundred acres of the city's land and four miles of its waterfront, as well as such odds and ends as the hotel itself and the bus system.

Algoma's bristling chimneys cast a red glow against Sault Ste. Marie's night sky. Its coke ovens, blast furnaces, open-hearth furnaces and rolling mills now have an annual capacity of 1,000,000 tons of steel ingots, 1,035,000 tons of pig iron and 1,250,000 tons of coke. Algoma manufactures six chemical byproducts of coke, including millions of gallons of light oil; 150 kinds of alloy steel, and rolls most of the steel rails made in Canada.

One hundred and twenty miles north are Dunn's iron mines. Geologists say they contain more than a billion tons of ore. To the south across the border are his limestone quarries in Michigan and his coal mines at Cannelton, W. Va., which yield more than a million tons of coal a year. Hundreds of miles to the east is another corner of Dunn's empire—the Canadian Furnace Company at Port Colborne, Ont., which can turn out seven hundred tons of pig iron a day.

So determined is Sir James to make Algoma Steel an industrial giant that at seventy-six, an age at which most men have long since retired, he is working harder than ever. The earnings of his corporation have been substantial but the shares have yet to pay a dividend because Dunn is plowing all profits back into development. He told a friend recently: "I have twenty years work to do up here and \$50 millions to spend."

Dunn has not confined his attention to Algoma Steel. Last April he gained control of Canada Steamship Lines and replaced seven of its fifteen directors so there would be no argument about who was running the show. By



HOMEY HEADLINES

FORMAL GOWN ISSUE
STIRS BLATANT FUROR,
NEIGHBORS TESTIFY

Sister Hews to Strict
Party Line Dress
for Prom

AGE VERSUS Maturity
DOMINANT ARGUMENT
IN CHOICE OF DRESS

Should Reach Floor
Today, Daughter
Ha-Ha's Hem

DRESS CAUCUS DRAGS
ON PLUNGING NECKLINE

Dad Says Dior, Fath
Need Both, Plus
Scaffold

DRESS DECISION UP
TO FATHER; SIS FIT
AS MOM HAS ONE

Father Refuses Mediation
Post; Abdication
to Club Hint

LITTLE BROTHER MIMICS
SISTER IN OLD GOWN
FROM ATTIC TRUNK

Mom's Treasured Item
Counterpart of One
Daughter Gets

—William Gibson Coulter

adding CSL to his possessions Dunn acquired fifty Great Lakes freighters, seven passenger vessels and a fleet of tugs, grain elevators at Midland and Kingston in Ontario, shipyards at Kingston, Collingwood, Midland and Port Arthur in Ontario and at Lauzon in Quebec, and hotels at Murray Bay and Tadoussac in Quebec.

Lady Dunn is his constant companion, whether he's at his mansion at St. Andrews, his second mansion at Jumestown on a summit above his Ontario iron mines, his sporting lodge in the forest near his native Bathurst, his villa at Cap Ferrat on the Riviera,

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SYLVANIA ELECTRIC

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University Tower Montreal

or at his hotel suite. His intimates say she has a smart business brain and that he respects her judgment. For several years she has been a director of Algoma Ore Properties, an Algoma Steel Subsidiary.

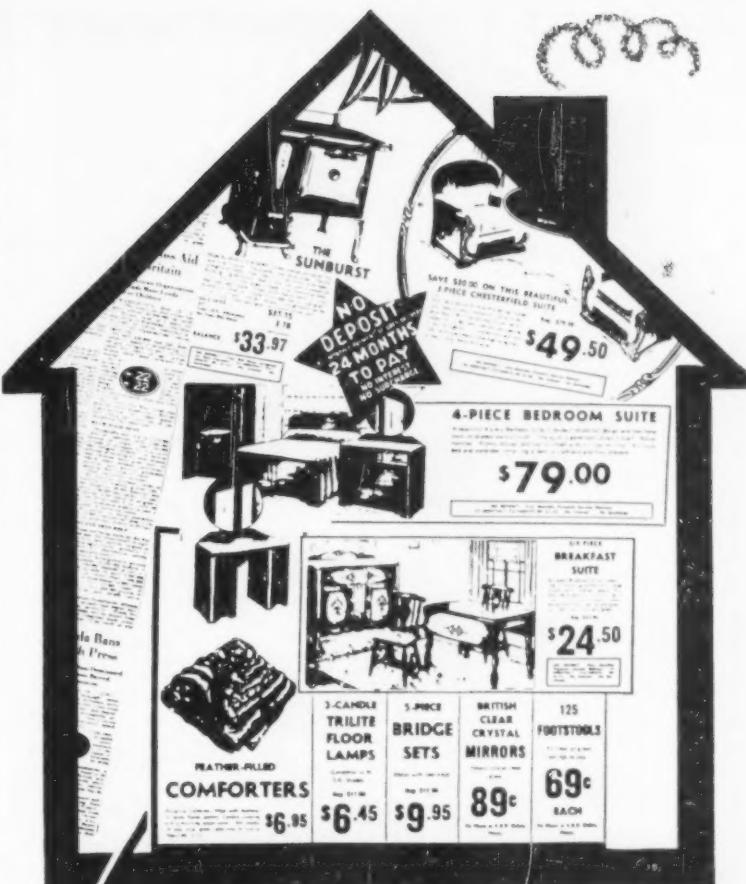
Dunn's children are all married and living in England. His son Philip was once publisher of the News of the World, a London weekly which chronicles ripe scandals. Philip attempted to play down the more lurid items and introduce cultural features. It was not a success. The News of the World's vast circulation tumbled rapidly; Philip and the newspaper parted company.

Wherever Sir James is he rules his domain with an iron hand, in which a telephone is usually clenched. He snaps orders across continents and oceans at all hours. An executive of one firm with which he has frequent dealings hasn't seen Dunn for eight years: "When he wants anything he just telephones."

In recent years Sir James has endowed a chair of advanced law studies at Dalhousie University, where he is president of the Alumni Association; founded a chair of geology at Mount Allison University at Sackville, N.B., and established scholarships at the University of New Brunswick. In turn he has received honorary degrees from Dalhousie, New Brunswick, Bishop's University at Lennoxville, Que., and Queen's University at Kingston. But these honors don't seem to have mellowed the fiery baronet.

In Bathurst, which Dunn revisits every few months, there are still people who have known him all his life. Even to them he's an enigma. One Bathurst resident recently rubbed his chin thoughtfully when asked what Sir James was really like.

"Well," he said finally, "he lived in England for a long time—maybe thirty years—but he came home without a trace of an English accent. A fellow who can do that is a pretty amazing character." *



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But times have changed and prices have risen. Here are a few examples of how costs have gone up during the past ten years. A 9 x 12 rug that might have sold for \$115 in 1941 today costs \$190. Furniture that cost \$102 ten years ago now sells for \$220. Everything in and around the home—and the home itself—costs nearly double its 1941 value.

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SHOULD NOT FIT TOO TIGHTLY AROUND TREE. WIDTH OF SEAT 16". SLATS OF DRESSED INCH LUMBER. UPRIGHTS 2x4. CONNECTING PIECES 2x2. FACE BOARD, THIN PLYWOOD. SMALL CRIBBING NEXT TO TREE TO SUPPORT UPRIGHTS AND CROSS PIECES.

**BE SURE
CAMP FIRE
IS OUT!**



BEFORE BUILDING FIRE, CUT SODS AND ROLL THEM BACK. DIG OUT EARTH FOR FIRE PIT. BE SURE BOTTOM IS EARTH OR ROCK. ACROSS SODS PLACE IRON RODS OR GREEN SAPLINGS. AFTER - ROLL BACK SODS TO SMOOTHER EMBERS - AND POUR ON PAIL OR TWO OF WATER JUST TO BE SAFE.



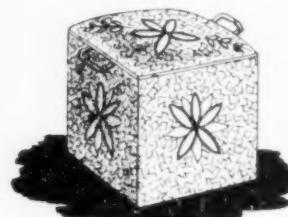
NEW BOOKLET

You'll find more information on these and many other interesting ideas in the booklet "Around the Home Again", just published. Write for your copy to Tom Gard, c/o MOLSON'S (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P.O. Box 490, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto.

HOME-MADE JARDINIÈRE



TINS OF VARIOUS SIZES (LIDS REMOVED), NESTED. PAINT OR ENAMEL, PLACE GRAVEL ON BOTTOM OF TINS TO ASSIST DRAINAGE FROM POT.



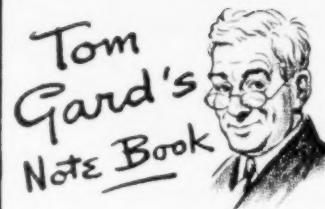
HASSOCK FROM BUTTER BOX

LINE WITH CHINTZ OR WALLPAPER. ATTACH LID WITH HINGES. PAD TOP WITH LAYERS OF COTTON. COVER WITH CHINTZ, IMITATION LEATHER OR CLOTH TO MATCH DRAPES.



SILHOUETTE PAINTING

PLACE GLASS OVER PICTURE TO BE TRACED. DRAW WITH INDIA INK IN BOLD OUTLINE. WHEN DRY, COVER BACK WITH HEAVY WHITE CARDBOARD. BIND WITH BLACK TAPE.



August — the month of picnics! Each weekend we try to have something special planned for the whole family — an overnight, if we are at the cottage and weather will permit, or a trip to some picnic area if we are home. Such excursions should be enjoyed by all young Canadians with such excellent beauty spots so close at hand.

It becomes the duty of every adult to learn and to teach safety measures with camp fires if this heritage is to be protected. Each year careless people cause serious losses through forest fires. At this time of year, when our forests are often tinder dry, cooking fires or camp fires should be built on solid rock or right out in the open on packed earth. Embers have been known to smoulder for days and travel many feet underground before they break to the surface if the earth is laden with decaying roots and bits of wood. If a large flat rock is not handy, the Gards use rolls of sod to form the sides of the fireplace and carry the weight of the cooking utensils.

Silhouettes

My teen-aged daughter is painting interesting silhouettes on glass and framing them with cardboard and black binding tape. She does a good job of it, too.

Son Jimmy, not to be outdone by his sister, brought home a set of "tin-can" jardinières he had made during the craft period at his boy's camp. They were painted and ready for immediate use in his mother's "window" garden.

Foot Rest

When I sit down to relax and put my feet up this winter, it will be with the aid of a new hassock made from a butter box. After completing the record holders for the children in the spring, I promised myself a well padded foot rest before the snow arrived. Just the finishing touches remain. The top has been carefully padded and covered with bright durable plastic. (All that remains to be done is complete the pattern being made with decorative tacks.)



CANADIAN ECDOOTE



DR. DUNLOP'S PARTING SHOT

DR. WILLIAM DUNLOP was a fine salty Scot who settled on the east bank of the river Maitland, near Goderich, Ont., long before confederation. As a member of the Canadian Parliament he was once ordered by the Speaker to amend his statement that his opponent in a heated debate "was not fit to carry guts to a bear." Dunlop apologized and admitted that the man "was fit to carry guts to a bear."

At home the doctor displayed the same brand of wit. When he and his brother realized they might cause a scandal by allowing a woman to keep house in their bachelor establishment William suggested one of them should marry her. They would toss a coin with the loser as bridegroom. They flipped, and William won with his two-headed coin.

But his final broadside was his will—a document that threw relations and friends into blushing confusion. It went like this:

I, William Dunlop of Gairbraid, Esquire, being in sound health of body and my mind just as usual (which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times) do make this my last Will and Testament as follows:

I leave Gairbraid and all other landed property I may die possessed of to my sisters, Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop, the former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks, the latter because she is married to nobody nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid and not market ripe.

I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa

Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned.

I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John; I would leave it to old John himself but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege. However, I leave my big horn snuffbox to him; he can only make temperance horn spoons with that.

I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter she will be another guise Christian than she is.

I leave my brother Allen my big silver snuffbox, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian with a swag belly and a jolly face.

I leave Parson Chevasse (Maggy's husband) the snuffbox I got from the Sarnia Militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken.

I leave John Caddle a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife.

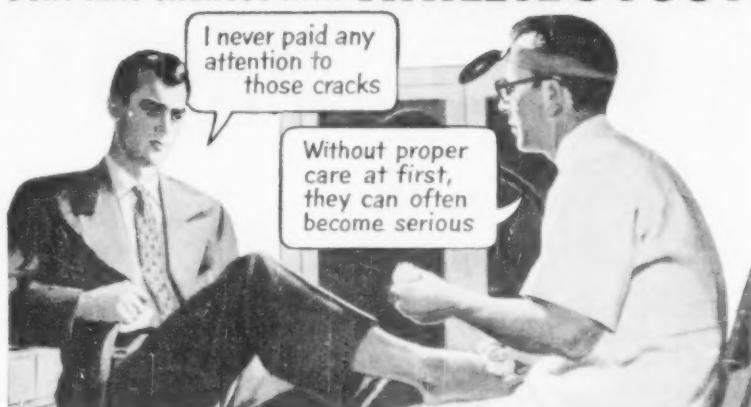
I give my silver cup with a sovereign in it to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious and therefore will necessarily take to horning, and also my Granna's snuff mull, as it looks decent to see old women taking snuff.

In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal the thirty-first day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two. (signed) W. Dunlop.

—Florence D. Lewis

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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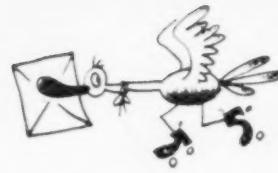


As distinguished as Bridal Bell beauty itself, is the lovely 'bell' gift case in which it is proudly presented.



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Diamonds

MAILBAG



Somebody Had To Say It

My very sincere congratulations for your courageous editorial on Korea (August 1). I have discussed this piece with many friends and their reaction is: "Somebody had to say it, somebody at last makes sense out of the whole confused mess." I'm glad Maclean's takes the lead.— Stephen Brott, Montreal.

• I often listen on short-wave radio to Moscow and I want to congratulate you and your Pierre Berton on doing so much more effective, or at least much more subtle and dangerous, job of furthering the Red line of lies and slander.— Ray Keitges, Stony Plain, Alta.

• The best thing yet done about Korea.— C. F. Campbell, Haney, B.C.

• Thank you, thank you indeed, for having the courage to print such sturdy, truthful, soul-searching stuff.— Maud Walherston, Toronto.

The Case of Kaspar Beck

I have just finished reading your article on the tragedy of Kaspar Beck (July 15) and am glad that finally somebody is turning a spotlight on the practices of the Income Tax Department in Saskatchewan and Alberta. The story of Kaspar Beck has happened thousands of times since 1940, only the ending was different; other people, convinced of the hopelessness of fighting for their rights, paid up. Thousands of farmers were peremptorily herded before the income-tax officials and stripped of the first surplus money they made after surviving the hardships of homesteading and the depression . . . they were robbed as easily as a baby can be robbed of a piece of candy.— A. Froehal, Sanguido, Alta.

• My sympathies are all for the Beck family; may their luck be always of the best.— Alf. Rawlins, White Rock, B.C.

• I would like to express appreciation of the extremely fair presentation of the case in Maclean's. It illustrates the very great difficulties of administration of all public affairs where a population of mixed origin is still in the melting-pot stage.— C. Evans Sargent, Eyre, Sask.

• Kaspar Beck lived at peace with all men, bearing burdens, asking no favors, while those who connived to secure his wealth for a pittance were upheld by the laws of our land. Kaspar Beck had to die to make secure for those he loved that which he had accumulated.— Edith Cody Bowercuse, Toronto.

• Surely some other way out of the difficulty could have been found other than to rob a man of the savings of a lifetime of hard work and earnest, honest endeavor. Maclean's is to be congratulated for its public spirit in sending a man up to find out on the spot the details of this ghastly tragedy.— K. M. McDonald, Tara, Ont.

• Evidence enough of the importance that everyone living in Canada know and understand the English language, whether written or spoken.— Daryl Latta, Edmonton.

• The real tragedy is the failure of our Government to attempt Canadianization and assimilation of the hordes of middle-Europeans immigrated to this country willy-nilly.— Don Nevins, Yorkton, Sask.

Frayne on Grey Owl

Trent Frayne's Flashback on Grey Owl (August 1) is one of the best written, from the standpoint of being factual, I have read in a long time . . . The general impression I got from people who knew Grey Owl was that his accomplishments far outweighed any confusion surrounding his real identity. Something like a motion-picture star . . . Why do not we let Grey Owl rest in peace? I'm sure the beaver didn't care too much whether he was, or was not, an Indian!— George H. Giles, Thornhill, Ont.

• Of several articles I have read about Grey Owl, this is best. I know it is best because I knew Archie Belaney, and I knew his wife Angele.

One day, while I was typing in the office of the Timagami Steamboat and



Postmaster Hamm, of Timagami, with Grey Owl's first wife Angele and her daughter.

Hotel Co., we heard a great noise of shouting and I went outside. We saw a lot of Indian canoes paddling for all they were worth with one canoe well out in front. We discovered that Archie Belaney was in that front canoe and that he was being pursued. The others eventually won the race, lassoed Archie well with rope and brought him back to shore. Then we found they were going to force him to marry Angele.

I know it was not a happy marriage. Angele, as I knew her, was a sulky sullen girl . . . Their baby was very sweet, with an almost white skin and tiny refined features, its dark eyes and hair being the only signs of Indian blood. I did not know its name, since the mother could not speak English, and I did not speak to the father. But I was very, very sorry for that little baby who seemed so much alone, so



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much uncared for, unwashed, unwanted.—Maude Leopold, Castleton, Ont.

On Going to Church

I've read your contributions in Mailbag as to why some people go to church. This is the version I got of it:

Some go to church just for a walk
Some to sit and laugh and talk
Some to claim the latest news
More friends at home they may amuse
Some go there to use their eyes
And newest fashions criticize
Some to scan the latest bonnet
Some to price the trimmings on it
Some their neighbors to assess
Some to sit and doze and nod
But few to kneel and worship God

—Mrs. A. P. Bell, Petalma, Calif.

Our Marrying Trio

I have read lots of articles on the subjects published by your magazine in its Marriage Clinic (August 1), but never anything with such a sense of humor and leg-pulling as was displayed by the trio Allen-Nicol-Largo. And as I myself am an amateur cartoonist I could not help enjoying the accom-



panying bands by Feyer. He's got style of his own. Women really got the works.—M. D. Grand Maitre, Hull, Que.

● After a year or two of marriage one either consciously joins the Dagwoods or the Jiggs or goes insane.—F. D. Shelton, Brooks, Alta.

● These three articles will probably land you in much hot water from people without even a perverted sense of humor as did Bob Allen's piece, Women Have no Sense of Humor. By a slightly crabwise movement I think Mac's gets better all the time.—F/O John Garrett, RCAF, Toronto.

Philip's Future

I have noticed that contributors to Maclean's refer to Prince Philip as a possible future prince consort. No one knows what indignities the crown may have in store for the prince; surely it is too soon to ascribe to him a landless and ungracious title.—Thomas Hicks, Lauder, Sask.

Echoes of the Halifax Blast

Being an eye-witness not only to both ships colliding and also to the explosion itself, and having also lost my son at the time, it upsets me when I read accounts of the affair without seeing a report that a picket boat from HMCS Niobe was sent with a crew to scuttle the Mont Blanc, and, as soon as they arrived alongside, the vessel exploded. Not a particle of the boat or crew was ever seen again. They were men from the Royal Canadian Navy.—George J. Dawes, Prince Rupert, B.C.

Flashbacks Forever

Congratulations on your top-notch series of articles entitled Maclean's Flashbacks . . . They could serve as choice supplementary material for many Canadian history courses. I hope your Flashbacks will be standard equipment for all issues for many years to come.—Everett L. Eno, Moose Jaw, Sask.

More About Trail, B.C.

I am a young married man of 24 with two sons and no more a Communist than you are, but that article on Trail (How a Red Union Bosses Atom Workers, April 1) was an insult to the people of Trail and to Canadian intelligence. You printed black-faced lies in that piece.

Those men . . . were the officers of a company union before joining Mine Mill. As soon as they were sold they lied to the men on night shift and signed up hundreds, saying Local 480 was through . . . The next day they moved and said they were Steelworkers and held a majority of men in Trail. Immediately the men swung over and returned to Mine Mill by the hundreds. Those cards you showed, 700 men wanted them back in the first week but were told they could not get them. Then the crying about Reds started . . . Print this true side of the case.—Bernard McMahon, Trail, B.C.

A Posy From Penticton

Congratulations for publishing Canada's most readable magazine. Your articles are "tops."—B. M. Baker, Penticton, B.C.

Dr. Gallup's Polls

It sure is surprising to read your predictions based on Gallup polls. It is no secret that Dr. G.'s polls were and are big-money ganda and worthless . . . To quote such as being an authority re public opinion, etc., is destroying press prestige and reveals lack of integrity.—C. D. Jokinson, Victoria.

No Cigars for Corporals

On the cover for June 1 showing "Canadians in Korea" I was interested to notice the section leader apparently smoking a cigar—or was it just another of those "posed" pictures?—Charles Parker, Stillwater, B.C.

P.S. I never miss Maclean's if I can help it.

It was only his tongue.

Sweeter and Lower

Your guest editorial by Art Lower (I Came Back and I Am Content, July 1) has compelled me, a chronic cynic, to write—he is on the ball. Let's start a movement to get him a seat in parliament.—Jas. Mackay, Hamilton, Ont.

● He says "Canada is not a country of the first importance" and goes on to say that Canadians abroad are mistaken for Americans. Such rot. In my three and a half years overseas the only one to mistake me for an American was German and he never lived to know the difference . . . If wind, hot air and heifer dust make a country of the first importance then exclude Canada, otherwise Canada is certainly a country of the first importance.—J. L. Mitchell, Busby, Alta.

● Canada has every good reason to boast of Canada, as Canada is a big country with a big future—more so than the United States—and the stand-



Scalp care gives your hair that handsome look!



And scalp care is so easy. A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before brushing or combing, a generous massage with this pure, clean tonic before shampooing—and, man, what hair you'll have! No dry scalp and no loose dandruff. Truly a grand hair tonic—and so economical!

*With scalp, dry brittle hair, loss hair on comb or brush—unless checked may cause baldness.

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ard of living generally in Canada is superior to that of the United States.—W. S. Beaton, Mayor, Sudbury, Ont.

• Unless you spell it with a "k" I think we have always had our own culture in Canada. It is not altogether a school-taught culture, and, because it does not resemble British culture or American culture, it has never been recognized by men like Mr. Lower—S. G. Clark, McLeod Valley, Alta.

Hit Tune Had a Moral

The story in your July 1 issue, Hit Tune For Two Hearts, I found so



charming I felt urged to tell you why. It had a moral that would teach people to live more happily; the young girl was teaching the young man how to live beautifully though poor.

So many of our modern people have forgotten that in their mad chase for dollars, and have also forgotten that many wealthy people are miserable.—Marion Rogerson, Saskatoon.

Advertising Protestantism

I have been interested in the letter (August 1) by Arthur C. Hill, of Sherbrooke, about the publications which refused to take an advertisement announcing the gift of a copy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as contained in the New Testament . . . The Protestant faith has no need of cheap advertising. True religion should not be advertised like automobiles, tooth paste and liquor or cigarettes.—G. P. Stewart, Chatham, N.B.

Baxter's Friends and Foes

There is one thing that gets under my skin—Beverley Baxter's tripe. Now this Baxter left his native land and did very good for himself among the Limeys . . . he cannot stand anyone that is not a Tory. That old windbag Churchill is his god . . . Fire him or change the record.—Fred M. Goy, Brookfield, N.S.

• Mrs. D. C. Whyte (Mailbag, June 15) takes issue with Baxter saying "Equality does not, and cannot, exist among men any more than among horses." I also say dogs. Would anyone like to think they are on a par with some of the specimens of mankind that inhabit the earth today. I don't think so.—Joe Livingstone, Vermilion, Alta.

What, No Engineer?

• Upon reading Milk Run To Korea by Pierre Berton (May 15), my husband wrote me to be sure and read this article as he was part of that particular crew on that run. I was amazed and a little surprised to find his name, and his alone, not even mentioned. Being flight-engineer is a very essential part of any crew of any North Star on the air-lift. Marjorie S. Robertson, St. Laurent, Que.

Judy Was a Good Girl

Congratulations, C. M. McDougall—your Cardboard Soldier (July 15) was a real good story. But we would never have forgiven you had you not made a heroine of Judy and a hero of her boy friend.—L. R. Fraser, Toronto.

Spotlight on the Stock Crooks

At last you have turned the spotlight upon the technique of the stock crook ring whose headquarters have been and still are in Toronto (How the Stock Crooks Operate, June 15). How many scores or hundreds of millions were stolen or embezzled by the ring in a perfectly legal manner may never be accurately known. The damage to Canadian enterprise was incalculable.—F. N. Hales, Armstrong, B.C.

He Was the Enemy

If dead men tell no tales how did Pierre Berton get the case-history of the Communist recruit named Wu in the story This is the Enemy (July 1)? Or is this propaganda rather than information that you are giving us?—H. Christie, Hunter River, P.E.I.

Wu's story was a reconstruction based on talks with some of his former comrades who were captured at the same time Wu was killed.

In Hobson's Wilder West

In the last thirty years I have packed, among other things, haying equipment into some of the most inaccessible parts of northeastern B.C. for both successful and unsuccessful ranchers. I wish to state that neither I nor any other self-respecting packer would try to load a 350-pound mower frame against a 100-pound anvil on any self-respecting packhorse!—Edgar Dopp, Ft. St. John, B.C.

Nowhere But in Canada

Your cover picture showing a scene around Yellowknife (July 15) was excellent. It is good to see upon the cover of a national magazine a scene which can be duplicated on the North American continent nowhere but in Canada.—N. W. Bruwatt, Greenwood, N.S.★



This symbol sets the seal of authenticity on the unique Harris Tweed—unique in the geographic environment of the Crofters who hand weave it in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides from virgin Scottish Wool—unique in traditional excellence.



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WIT AND WISDOM



Bring 'em Back Alive—When a woman paints her face she's sophisticated; when an Indian paints his face he's savage—but really it is the woman who is dressed to kill.—*London Farmers' Advocate*.

Valse Triste—Too much dancing is likely to affect the heart, according to a doctor. Too much sitting out is sure to!—*Saskatoon Star Phoenix*

Sweet Talk—A boy's voice changes at adolescence; a girl's when she answers the phone.—*Calgary Herald*.

White Elephant—Ice cream was invented in 1851, and we can't help wondering what vanilla did for a living before that.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

Get Thee Behind Me—The number of times the average man says "No" to temptation is once weakly.—*Calgary Herald*.

And You Pay for it Too—A wife once followed her steady-drinking husband to a bar and found him sitting in front of a whisky, gazing into space. Before she could start haranguing him, he offered her a sip, but she spluttered at the first mouthful.

"How can you drink that horrible stuff?" she demanded.

"There you are," said her husband, reproachfully, "and all the time you thought I was enjoying myself!"—*Calgary Albertan*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



Maclean's

"This is the first time it's ever shrunk."

Soldier of Fortune—An ex-G.I. and an ex-Tommy had an argument about their relative social prominence since reverting to civilian life.

Said the G.I.: "One day President Truman was walking past a crowd. It seemed he was about to pass me, when he stopped suddenly, held out his hand, and said: 'Good heavens, is that you Jimmy? When are you coming to the White House for dinner?'"

"Ay," said Tommy Atkins. "Well, I was standing one day in Trafalgar Square talking to Eisenhower. Churchill and Montgomery passed by in a car, and I distinctly heard Churchill ask Montgomery, 'Who is that chap talking to Tommy?'"—*Muenster (Sask.) Prairie Messenger*.

Remember? It was Wet—Just trying to make conversation with an old-timer at a filling station out in an arid portion of the West, a tourist commented, "Looks like rain."

"I sure hope so," sighed the old-timer. "Not for myself," he hastened to explain, "but for the boy here. I've seen rain."—*Tillsonburg News*.

Oh Happy Hypochondria—After reading the daily medical column a man in wild alarm telephoned his doctor that he was sure he had a fatal liver disease.

"Nonsense," protested the doctor. "With that disease there is no pain or discomfort of any kind."

"I knew it!" gasped the patient. "My symptoms exactly!"—*Brandon (Man.) Sun*.



He's engaged!

No, Joe isn't fooling. This is truly the beginning of a long and happy life together.

You see Joe is an executive, and while he hasn't had his name on the door long, he's had enough experience to realize that outsiders (and even the people he works with) will judge his department by their biggest contact with it . . . his correspondence. Joe knows that there's a picture of him in every letter he writes, and, being an ambitious man, he wants that picture to leave a lasting impression of neatness, efficiency and ability.

Talking it over with the other department heads, Joe learned that typists are happiest and do their best work when they use the same make of typewriter that they had at school . . . hence the new Underwood*.

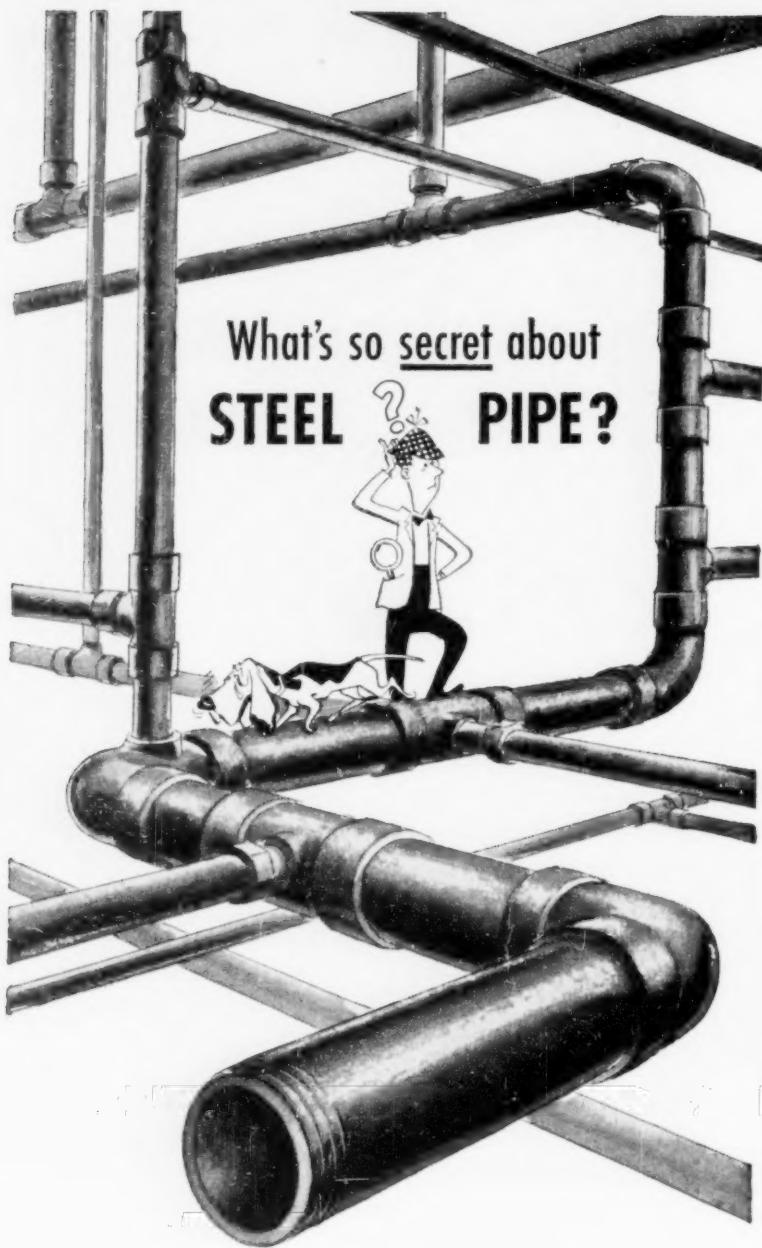
But Joe has done much more than make typing pleasant and a lot easier for his stenographer. He's bought a fine precision-built machine that will serve him faithfully and well for many, many years to come. His Underwood is the faultless product of a company that has led and pioneered in typewriter development since it brought into being visible writing.

Here's a "proposal" that can make you "letters-perfect" too. Give your secretary a new Underwood . . . with the keys she loves to touch. A telephone call to your nearest Underwood office will start it on its way.

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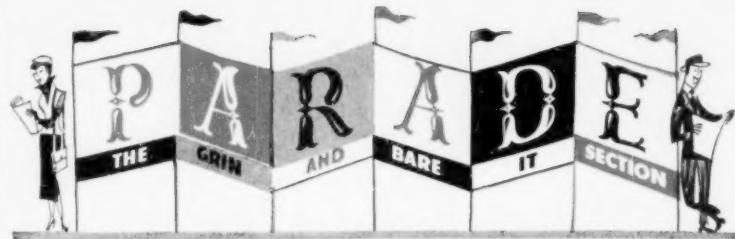
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For registration of births and deaths see Dr. Barr.
For auto and truck licences go to Ste. Rose.
For municipal business see Reeve Fletcher.
For marriage licences—think it over and come back in ten days.

A road-construction gang near La Minerve, Que., had had sunny weather for weeks, but one day recently, with the gang several miles from



camp, rain clouds appeared suddenly and in a few minutes there was a heavy downpour. The men resigned themselves to a soaking, all except an Indian laborer who walked over to a nearby truck and came back with a long raincoat and oilskin hat. He put them on and returned to his job. Several of his fellow workers marveled at this foresight.

"But what amazing instinct told you it was going to rain today?" one of them asked him. "It was perfectly clear this morning."

"No instinct," the Indian replied casually. "Just the man on the radio."

For the past two years a group of U. S. and Canadian geographers has held a summer school in Stanstead, Que., about a hundred miles south of Montreal, right on the international border. At this year's school one noted U. S. authority on North American geography arrived to find that no arrangements had been made for his stay. He complained to another faculty member that he had written two months early for reservations.

"And you sent your letter to the right place, I suppose?" his associate said jokingly.

"Of course," the famous geographer replied. "I sent it to . . ." He stopped in sudden recollection and then, shamefaced, continued: "I'm afraid I sent it to the Stanstead in Vermont."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

An elderly woman driver in Vancouver prides herself that she has never had an accident. On a highway trip recently she confided to a woman companion the secret of her safe driving. "See that big truck ahead?" she said. "Well, when I get on a highway I always pull in behind a transport and follow him into the next town. People are more careful approaching a large truck and so I never get hit."

The women gossiped gaily as their car traveled slowly in the wake of the transport, making several turns onto branch roads without coming to a town. Finally the truck came to a stop and the driver climbed from the cab and walked back to the car.

"Don't know where you're going, ma'am," he said politely, "but if you're as dumb as I am you've just come to the end of a road you never saw in your life before."

On the so-called Gatineau Flyer which crawls jerkily from Ottawa to Maniwaki with week-end loads of holidaymakers bound for resorts in the Gatineau Hills a baby in one car cried incessantly, to the great annoyance of other passengers but to the complete indifference of the parents. As the train labored up through the Quebec countryside near Chelsea a news agent selling pop and confectionery made his fourth trip through the crowded coach where the child



was still bawling without attention.

"Chewing gum—candy bars!" he cried. Then, with a baleful glance at the parents of the unhappy child he added, "And crowbars."

Near Thornhill, Ont., a plasterer who evidently has observed the popularity of portraits by a famous Ottawa photographer, decided recently to cash in on the fact he has the same name. On the side of his truck he has stencilled in tall artistic letters: "Plastering—By Karsh."



Paul Hesse photo

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